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No. 199.—Vol. XV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, September 25, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

THE MOST POPULAR RACEHORSE OF THE YEAR: MRS. H. V. JACKSON'S VELOCITY

Though not the winner of any of the "Classic" races, Velocity has had a magnificent year, having won the Doncaster Cup, the Chichester Stakes at Goodwood, and the City and Suburban. Abroad, he won the Grand Prize at Ostend. His value is given at £20,000

No. 199.—Vol. XV.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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THE BYSTANDER

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday September 25, 1907

So realistic have the German manœuvres been that, during the mimic siege of Posen, many of the streets were closed to the public. Posen citizens who live in those streets are feeling quite thankful to the Kaiser that they were not shot for spies.

* * *

On one occasion the Posen garrison used ball-cartridges against moving targets. It seems to have been a concession to popular sentiment that these targets were constructed of wood and cardboard. Or, perhaps, the inhabitants of Posen were not considered quick enough in their movements to allow of really good practice.

* * *

Annam is lucky in having a new King of tender years. His late Majesty, Thang-Tai, suffered—says the *Daily Graphic*—from criminal lunacy, and used, *inter alia*, to shoot at his subjects with a bow and arrows. But, as Annamites are gleefully pointing out, even should their new ruler have inherited this tendency, it will be easy, for some years at any rate, to dodge the little Monarch's shafts.

* * *

As an outcome of the Infantile Mortality Congress recently held in Brussels, it has been decided to establish an International Union for the Protection of Child Life. It is a ticklish subject to mention in Belgium, but we trust the Union will be able to arrange, in the interests of tots of all colours, that "Soothers" (or "Comforters," as these unpleasant little instruments are sometimes called) shall not be constructed of rubber.

* * *

Condolences to Mr. Wolffe, who encountered a bottle-nosed shark during his latest attempt to swim the Channel. Though it is possible that Wolffe would not in any case have reached the French coast, it is tolerably certain that, but for the shark's timidity, he would have broken one record by remaining the longest time in the water.

* * *

There seems a good deal of justification for opposing the erection of an observatory on Hampstead Heath. The registering of rainfalls, sunshine, etc., may interest a few people, but it is decidedly hard that those going up to our London heights for a donkey-ride or a cocoa-nut shy should have their attention distracted by a building of this kind, which is obviously of use merely for scientific purposes.

* * *

It appears that a part of the anti-Japanese feeling in Vancouver is due to the fact that the Japanese, by looking very young, manage to attend the national schools even at the age of twenty-four. This devotion to education is very obnoxious to Western citizens, especially as they pay for the rates.

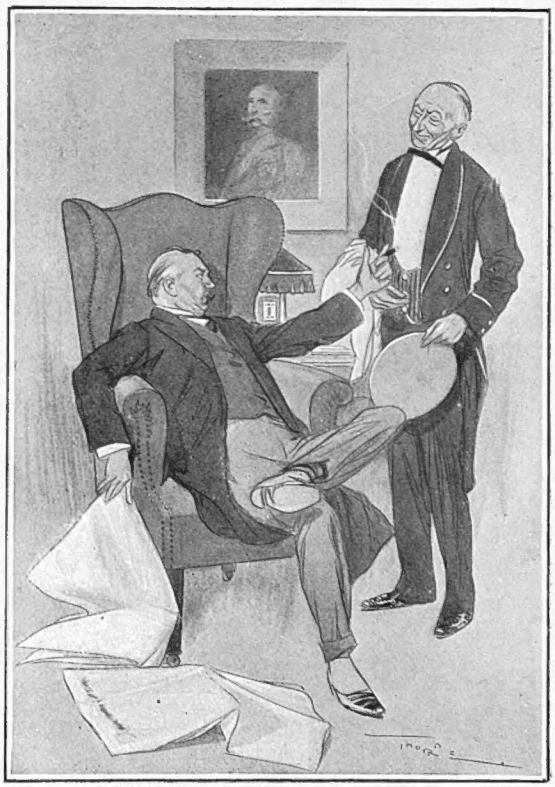
It must be peculiarly annoying to Vancouver schoolmasters, after they have awarded the prize in the infants' class and patted the precocious child on the head, to discover that the tiny lad is in reality a married gentleman with a good deal of experience of the world and a tidy-sized family of his own, mostly kept busy making ice-cream.

* * *

An "All-Black" New Zealand football player has gone up to Oxford, and is expected to get his Blue. "Could he," asks "Puzzled," "in that case, be described as a Half-Blue?" The answer is, of course, that he might be a half-Black, or a Blue half, but not a half-Blue. Perhaps a Blue-Black would be the best description to adopt.

* * *

It is to be trusted that Mr. Bell and the railway managers will come to terms. The idea that the disorganisation of the railways, by giving an impetus to other forms of traffic, will in the end benefit the public is a vain one. How can there be any real substitute for such a service, for example, as the South-Eastern's? Putting aside the question of speed, there are not enough "growlers" to convey all the passengers.



THE ANSWER UNFORTUNATE

"What are these cigars called, Collins?"
"All sorts of things, sir!"

By Thorpe

RACING NOTIONS

THE AUTUMN HANDICAPS. By "CARBINE"

Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire

The talk is now all of Cesarewitch chances. The long-distance race is not run until October 16, but it is one of the few remaining handicaps which really take a hold upon the imagination of the racing public, and its prospects are anxiously discussed weeks beforehand. The Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire (which follows a fortnight later) are the medium of more speculation than any other handicaps of the year. Perhaps it is because the end of the season is in sight, and people are extra keen to find the winners. Last year, the success of Mintagon did not do the bookmakers much good, though others were well backed in the race. Not so in the Cambridgeshire. It is believed that little short of a quarter of a million of money was taken out of the Ring by the supporters of Polymelus, whose victory meant the most serious blow to the bookies that they have had for many years. Indeed, the whole history of the two big autumn handicaps tells of tremendous *coups*, as well as of skilfully planned "good things."

Tod Sloan and the Cambridgeshire

This reminds me of Tod Sloan's meteoric career in England and the running of Codoman in the Cambridgeshire seven years ago. The French horse started at the long odds of 100 to 7, and the success would have meant much to the brilliant little American jockey. Sloan was always a rabid disciple of the get-rich-quick craze, and he had ample opportunities for indulging in it during his European career. The trouble was that "Tod" could not hold the money when he did get it. He was a young man with large and hopelessly extravagant ideas, and the sequel is that America finds him to-day varying his time with occupations quite different from race-riding. Touring with a theatrical company and running a drinking saloon have been among Sloan's recent pursuits. Knowing this, it is curious to recall that Sloan was undoubtedly one of the best riders ever seen on the English Turf. He occupied a position even higher than Danny Maher does to-day, but the sharp American division which flocked to England when "Tod" was riding here did him no good; and while they feathered their own nests, the jockey has had cause to regret that he ever knew them. Well, to return to Codoman and the Cambridgeshire. Great were the expectations of victory. Sloan, indeed, did not look for defeat. But an Irish lad, named Thompson, put upon the Irish horse Berrill at the last moment, upset the nicest calculations. Codoman beat all the rest, but he could never catch Berrill, and, as a result, there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth in the American camp. It will be remembered that Sloan found that there was a "little difficulty" when he applied for the renewal of his license in the following season, and, as a matter of fact, he never rode again in England.

Handicap Prospects

Nowadays, the Cambridgeshire is somewhat spoilt by the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton Park, run less than three weeks previously, many of the same horses being entered for both races. Velocity's prominent running in the Duke of York Stakes foreshadowed his success at Newmarket two years ago, while Polymelus's win at Kempton Park was followed, as expected, by another at Newmarket. Thus it would almost seem to be wisest to wait until the decision of the Kempton race before backing anything for the Cambridgeshire. In the case of the Cesarewitch, too, one expects to see some new light shed by the result of the Newbury Autumn Cup, to be run on Friday. The majority of the horses which we shall see at Newbury are also entered for the Newmarket race; but two notable exceptions are Baltinglass and Wuffy, first and second favourites for the Cesarewitch, according to present quotations. It is safe to assume that, if the weights had been apportioned after instead of before the St. Leger, Baltinglass would have been asked to carry at least another 10lb. Thus he looks very promising at the weights; but the lot which finished behind Wool Winder were so bad that I do not place much faith in Baltinglass's performance. In fact, Wuffy strikes me as more likely than the three-year-old, but I will wait until after Newbury before definitely making a selection.

Newbury Selections

The Newbury race looks as if it would be very interesting. Golden Measure, even with top weight, is not out of it, and there is the Will-o'-the-wisp Noctuiform in the same stable. Fugleman carries a penalty, but is in such fine form just now that it may not stop him. There cannot be much between him and Hammerkop on their Doncaster running. Radium ought to hold Royal Dream perfectly safe, and there are one or two useful light-weights, like Fruitful and Hill Climber, quite capable of causing a surprise. My selection is **Fugleman,** but if he should be reserved for the Cesarewitch, I shall look to Radium and Hammerkop to fight out the issue. On Saturday, at Newbury, it would be a great attraction if Slieve Gallion, now the property of the Hungarian Government, were to be sent to take on **Galvani,** but that is unlikely in view of the latter's advantage at the weights, and Major Loder's colt appears certain to win. **Spinning Solly** is so smart that he may carry his big weight successfully in the Highclere Nursery.

THE ISLAND OF PUTEAUX

FASHIONABLE FRENCH TEA CLUB

SEE THIS WEEK'S "GRAPHIC"

The "Lusitania's" Arrival

NEW YORK WELCOMES THE TRIM LITTLE CUNARDER WITH HOOTS AND TOOTS

After five days at sea, the *Lusitania* arrived at New York on Friday, the 13th, early enough in the morning to enable its American passengers to put in a day's business. Seen from the quays, it looked, as it steamed up the Hudson, like an island with a move on. Some Americans thought it was Britain itself on a visit. Anyway, it might have been, from the kind of cacophony with which it was greeted by all and sundry, from the steam-whistles, sirens, hooters of the river craft (which, beside the *Lusitania*, looked like tittlebats) to the tin trumpet of the humorist on the Quay. The sight of the *Lusitania* in mid-river was fine. With her bows up, as it were, at Madison Square, and her stern miles away downtown at the Battery (we wax American !), she entirely obscured a good deal of the New Yorker's view of the Jersey shore, and, for the brief ecstasy of that momentary service alone, has earned his gratitude for many a long day

Bonnie Scotland's "Guid-wood"

THE FIRST MEETING ON AYR'S NEW RACECOURSE

In the Enclosure

There was a large and fashionable gathering at the inaugural meeting at the new racecourse at Ayr last week, and many of the most prominent English followers of racing were to be seen in the enclosures. The new course is a great improvement on the old one, and there is now an excellent range of stands

Photos *Topical Agency*

In the Paddock

Some good racing was witnessed on the new course, and the entries for the events were very favourable. The winner of the Inauguration Cup was Mr. J. Musker's Simon Melton, after a terrific struggle with the favourite, Crescent, who was second

Photos

Grand Duke Cyril of Russia

Who has recently been on a visit to London. He is now residing in Paris

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Otto

Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia

Formerly the wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse, from whom she was divorced

The King

The King, who arrived at Balmoral on Monday, will be joined there for a short time by the Queen. He will return South in time for the Second October Meeting at Newmarket, spending a few days first at Buckingham Palace. It is probable that his Majesty will spend the week-end following the Newmarket Meeting at Keele Hall as the guest of the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby.

* * *

Peacock's Feathers and Luck

Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, as everyone knows, had a horror of divorce. The wife, she considered, should obey her husband and submit to him in all things—good, bad, and indifferent. Her grand-daughter, Princess Melita of Coburg, fell, therefore, into dire depths of Royal disfavour when, on the ground of hopeless incompatibility, or, as the Grand Duke of Hesse, her husband, put it, owing to "insuperable personal aversion," she allowed herself to be divorced. Almost every Royal house in Europe was against her. In Germany, the Kaiser held the same views as his grandmother in England on the subject of divorce, and in Russia, the Tsar and Tsaritsa naturally sided with the latter's brother, the Grand Duke of Hesse. Queen Victoria felt herself particularly aggrieved. Both husband and wife stood in the same relation to her—the one the son of Princess Alice, the other the daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh. It was the Queen who, after the young couple had had their first really

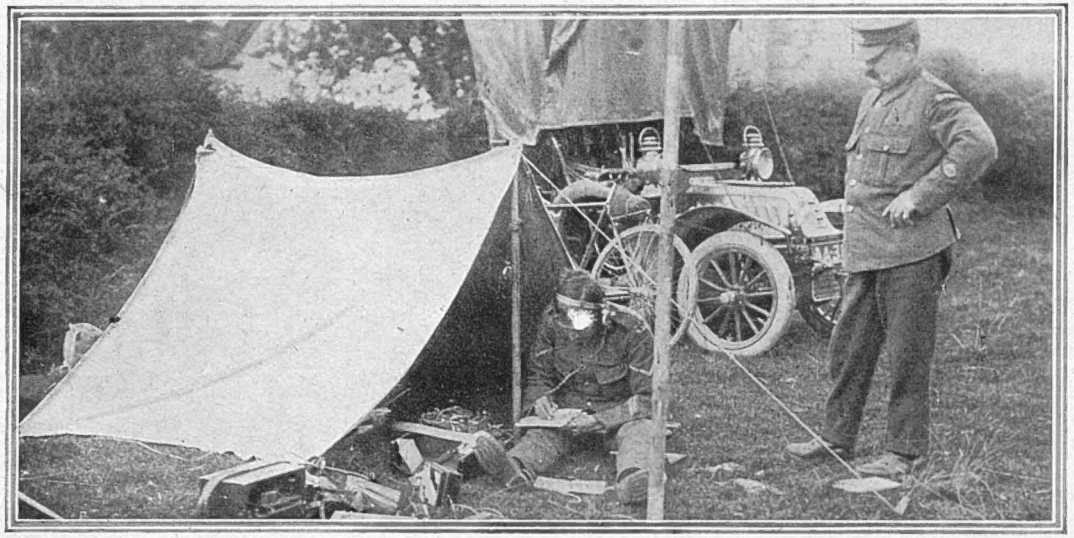
Photo *Crellin*

Johannesburg's Royal Visitor: The Crown Prince of Portugal outside the offices of the Robinson Gold Mining Company

Portugal's heir-apparent has been making a tour round his father's possessions in Africa, and has also visited the Cape and the Transvaal. At Johannesburg, the Chinese of the mines presented him with an address on silk, hoping he would live for ten thousand years!

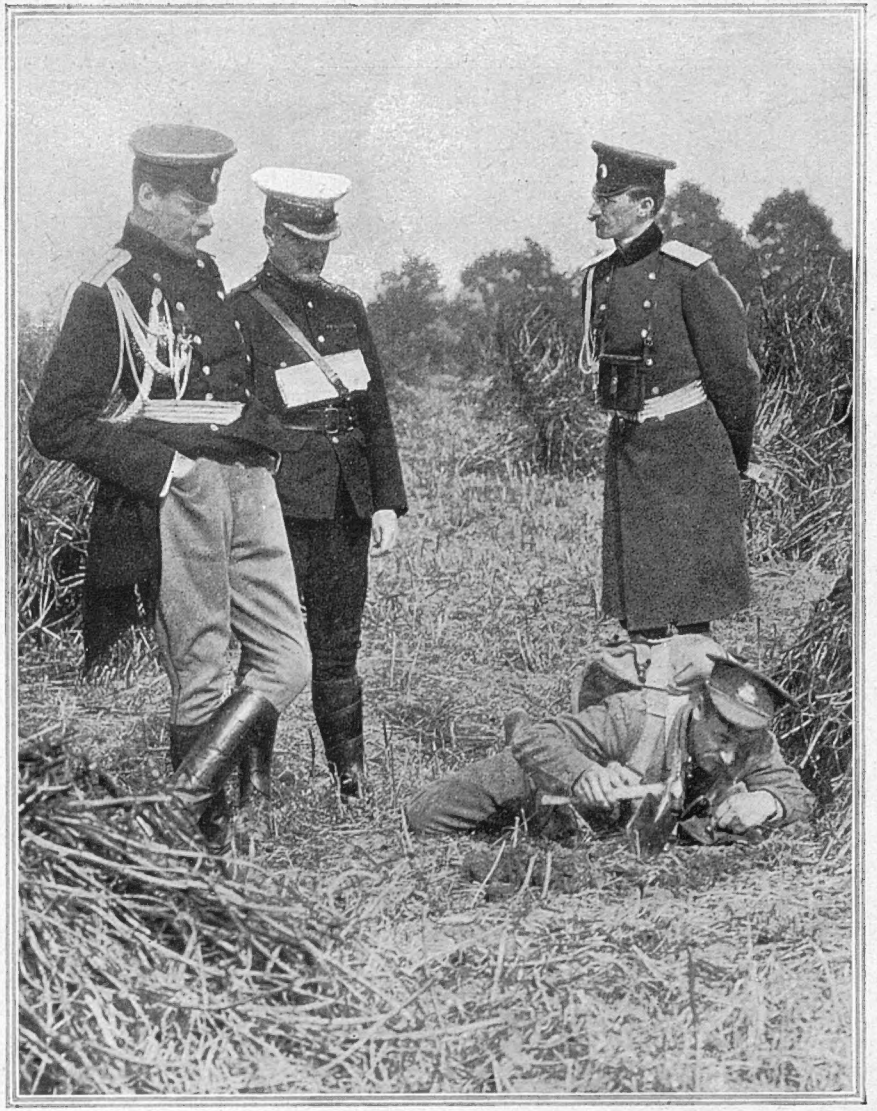
The Use of the Cable

During the Manœuvres, the ditches round Aylesbury have had a mysterious cord lying in them. This is the cable connecting the Headquarters Staff with the other Divisions by means of telephone and telegraph. These cables were laid and picked up again by the use of mules carrying reels on their backs



General French's Head "Office"

Every order given by General French during the campaign is issued from this tent. The cables are to be seen in all directions lying in the ditches or suspended from trees



Photos *Halftones, Ltd.*

The Intelligent Foreigner

On the right and left are the Russian attachés following the Manœuvres at Aylesbury. They are interested in the new field telephone apparatus which has been added to the equipment of the Coldstream Guards this year. (They remembered how the Japanese entrenched themselves by the use of similar appliances)

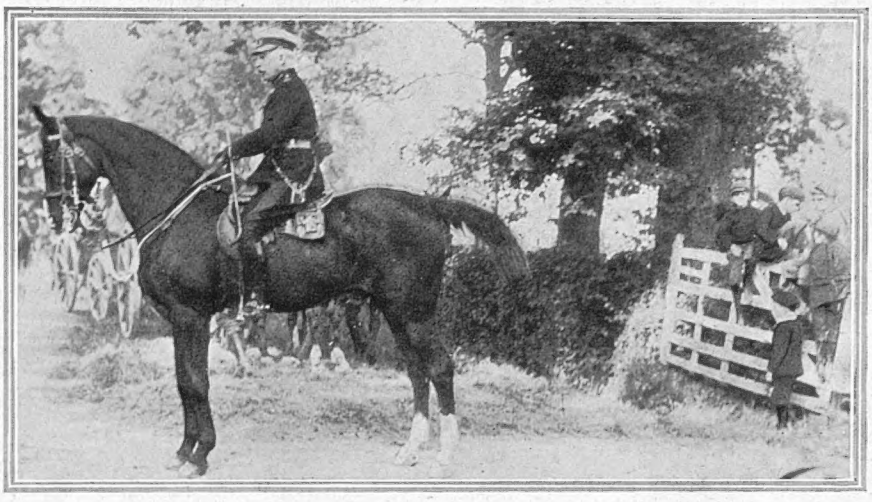
THE "NERVES" OF AN ARMY: MODERN COMMUNICATION APPLIANCES AT THE MANŒUVRES

Not the least instructive feature of the recent brilliant Army Manœuvres has been the extensive use of modern appliances in directing operations. The methods of laying cables and telephone wires to communicate from base to front have been on the most modern scale, and the above photographs afford an interesting object-lesson of the extent to which an army may be said to possess "nerves"

At the Manœuvres

serious quarrel, brought them together again. They were reconciled, and, in token of amity, the Duke had his wife's boudoir decorated with peacock's feathers. In less than a month they quarrelled again, and all her Britannic Majesty's efforts failed to bring peace. The Grand Duke of Hesse is now the father of a son and heir, and the husband of a staid, sober, and not too youthful German wife.

* * *



H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught at the Manœuvres near Aylesbury. Note the sublime indifference of some children on the gate to the imposing identity of the King's brother

The World Well Lost

The young Grand Duke Cyril, by marrying his *divorcée* cousin of Coburg was summarily punished by the Tsar, it was said, at the instance of the Tsaritsa. He was stripped of his military rank and orders, and expelled from Russia. During the Russo-Japanese War, however, his gallant behaviour received indirect reward by the bestowal on the Grand Duchess of the title of Imperial Highness. At first, the Grand Duke and Duchess, in disgrace with every single one of their Royal relations, settled in Cannes, where daily golf and the arrival of a baby-daughter seemed ample compensation for their banishment. Of late, however, they have taken up their abode in Paris, where the Grand Duchess, on the Bois and at the Opera, with her beautiful frocks and vivacious manners, has become a noticeable figure. Princess Henry of Battenberg, with whom they have been staying in the Isle of Wight, was always, even during her august mother's lifetime, their warm friend, for the Grand Duchess Marie is her favourite sister-in-law.

Wanted—A Crown Princess

My mention of the Battenbergs and our picture of the Crown Prince of Portugal reminds me that when Princess Ena married the King of Spain there was much talk of another English Princess taking up the future Queenship of Portugal. At present, however, Princess Patricia is the only English Royal Princess available, and she, it is said, hopes to marry an Englishman. There are, of course, the Duff Princesses; but for them it would be necessary to wait, even if their father's non-Royal blood did not make impossible such an alliance. Meantime, letters from Lisbon assert that rumour has already assigned him a bride in the eldest daughter of Prince Wilhelm of Hohenzollern, an Orleans-Bourbon, as is his mother, the Queen of Portugal. The young Prince, who has everywhere met with a favourable reception during his travels in Africa, has charming manners. In Portugal, he is said to be sowing the needful wild oats just a little too freely. But the Portuguese are a democratic people. They have no love for Royalty as Royalty, and only preserve a monarchy because it is less expensive than the other thing.

Photos] **Ruses in Sham Warfare: Boer Tactics at the Manœuvres** [*Halftones, Ltd.*

Drawing the enemy's fire from behind a fence by a show of hats. Note the expressions on the mens' faces, which are so hilarious that these gallant fellows might be experiencing the joys of that actual warfare for which they are, of course, spoiling. Also note the motor-car on the other side of the fence, and guess as to what it is doing

* * *

The Railway Crisis

The only consolation one can extract from the din of falling railway stocks which has lately been deafening the poor investor is that the present agitation has not been—as it so easily might have been—engineered by the Socialists. Differ as one may from Mr. Richard Bell's pretensions in demanding official recognition

The Crux of the Railway Crisis

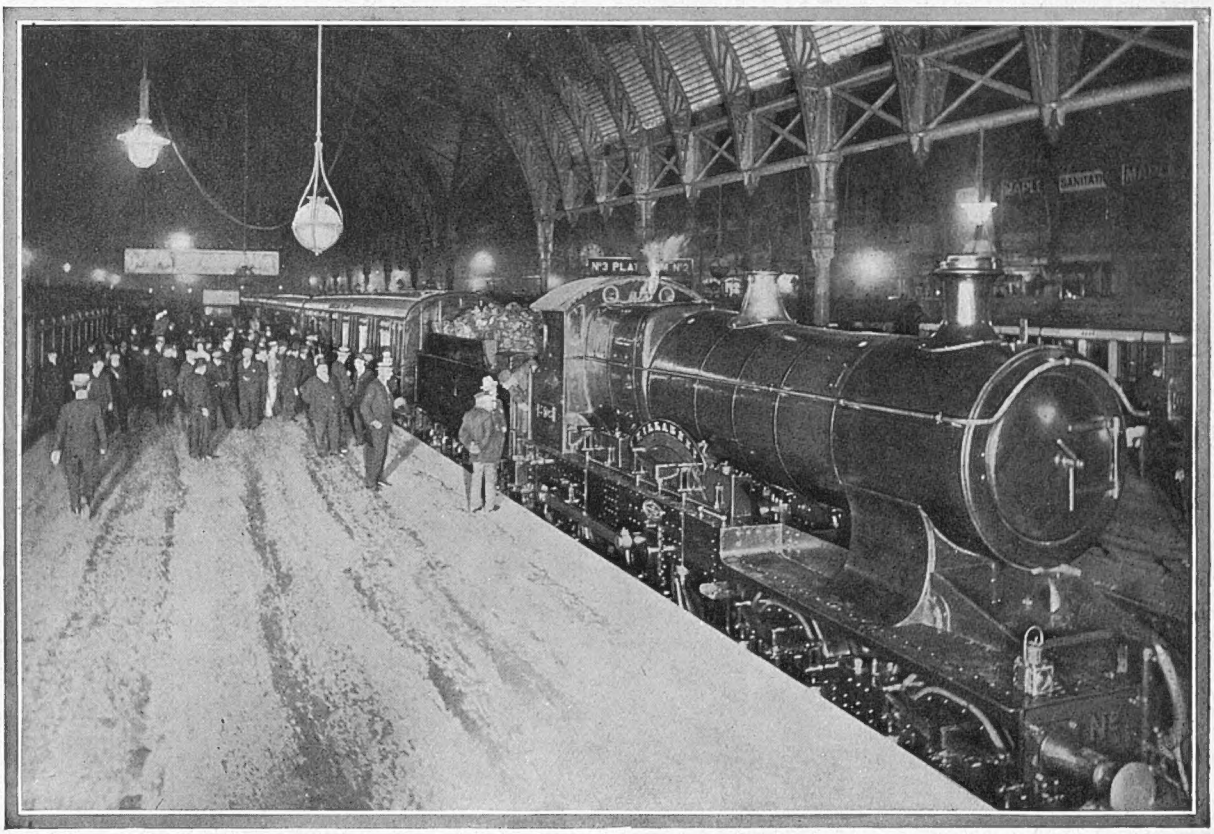
for his Society, he is not actuated by any hatred of "Capitalism." He is a Democrat, true, but would not carry to dangerous extremes the principles of Trade Unionism. As a mere matter of politics, I have a strong sympathy with Trade Unionism, and, where a Union is genuinely representative of workers, am in favour of its recognition by employers.

Why Recognise the Union?

The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, however, does not seem to be representative enough to justify its claim to recognition by the Companies as the voice of the entire industry. Even the most ardent of Mr. Bell's henchmen do not quite explain away the fact that the membership of the Society only numbers 98,000 out of a total of railway servants of half a million, or of a quarter of a million engaged on the running staff of the different lines alone. Railway Companies, with every will in the world to be generous, cannot logically be forced to treat 20 per cent. of their servants as the entire body. To do so would be practically to order the "outsiders" to go into the Union or be for ever lost, which would be feathering the nest of Mr. Bell's organisation to an extent that could scarcely be expected of mere human beings. Let Capital, by all means, meet Labour halfway. The meeting-place, however, must not be Labour's doorstep. For the Railway Companies to yield on this point would be for them to surrender their right to negotiate with their own employés, who would thereby be forced, for their own self-preservation, to enter the Union, to its enormous enrichment. Now, membership of a Trade Union is a fair prerogative; enforced membership is an oppression—worse, by far, than any put upon the Labourer by the Capitalist. The employer, at all events, claims only your body to his service (sometimes, also, at a reduced figure, your mind). The Union claims your body and your soul—and its tyranny over you, once you are enshackled, is as the scorpion where Capital was but the whip.

Photo] **Mr. Richard Bell, M.P.** [*Lafayette*

Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. He has led the Railwaymen's Trade Union in its demand for recognition by the Companies, the threatened penalty for non-compliance being a general strike

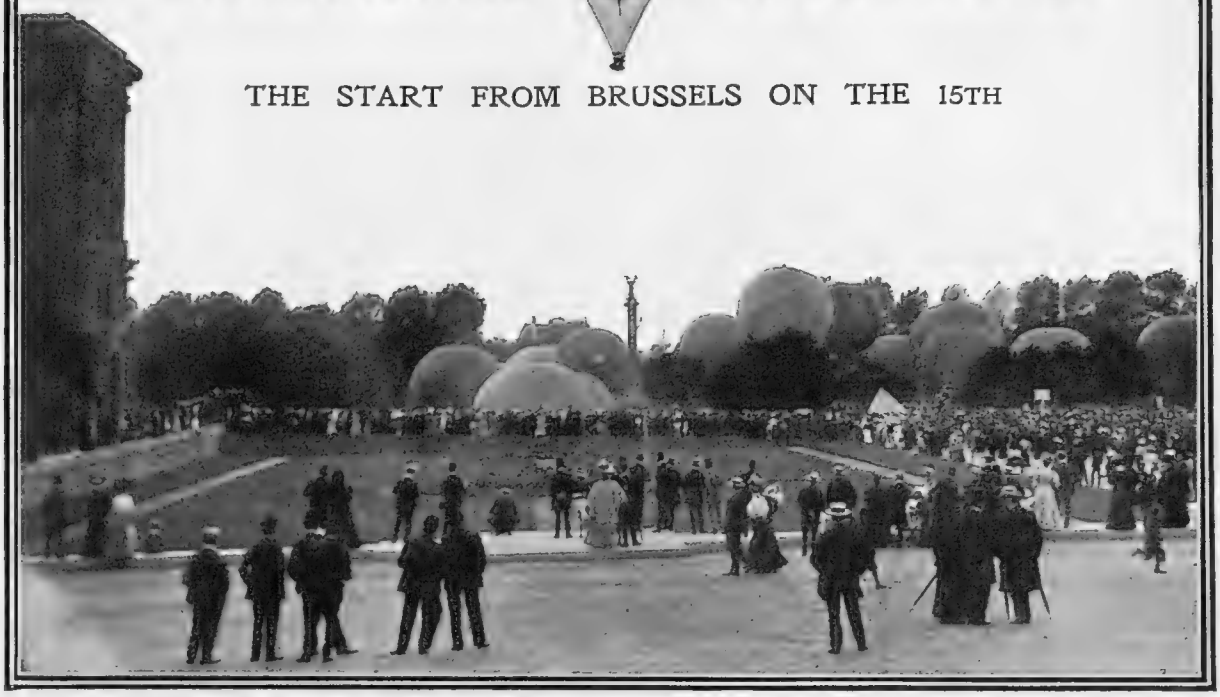


Photo] **How Railway Companies Serve the Public: To Killarney and back in thirt-six hours!** [*Topical Agency*

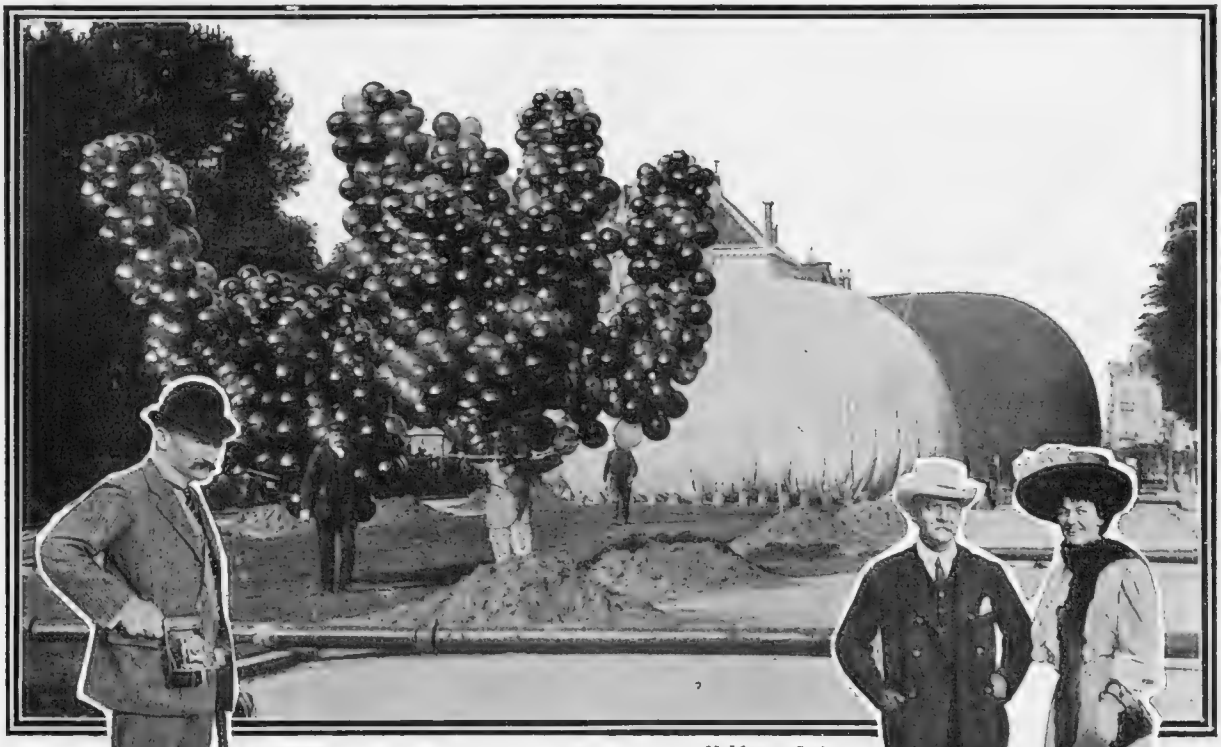
The Great Western Railway Company having arranged a luxurious cheap trip to Killarney for Monday, September 14, a train of the most up-to-date type, with restaurant car, left Paddington at 8.40 p.m. for a non-stop run of 262 miles to Fishguard, a distance never before attempted. Passengers arrived at Killarney on Tuesday morning, returning the same evening, thus having about eight hours in "Peerless Killarney," arriving back at Paddington at 8.25 a.m. on Wednesday

INTERNATIONAL BALLOONING

THE START FROM BRUSSELS ON THE 15TH



General View of the Grounds Before the Start: Forty balloons assembled for the race, which was the biggest one ever held



Photos *Halftones, Ltd.*

The Pilot Balloons

Major Baden-Powell
Who was present to watch the course of the proceedings as the representative of the British Military Authorities

The International Balloon Race, the biggest ever held, in which forty craft, including the "Britannia," belonging to the Hon. C. S. Rolls, and the "Zephyr," the property of Professor Huntingdon, started from Brussels on Sunday week. The winner was the German balloon, "Pommern," which came to earth at Bayonne, having covered a distance of 621 miles, thus easily beating the Gordon Bennett Race record of 416 miles. The Hon. C. S. Rolls and Professor Huntingdon travelled 530 and 552 miles respectively. Thousands of "air-balls" were sent up before the start to test the direction and velocity of the wind

Professor Huntingdon (with Miss Moore Brabazon)
The professor piloted the English balloon "Zephyr." He made his descent at Cazaubon, in the Pyrenees

America's Next President? Mr. Taft's Tour

"Big Bill"

In a few days Secretary Taft, together with a shipment of guns, will arrive in the Philippines. There, in Manila, in accordance with a promise made to the chief men of the Philippines when they accepted American rule, he is to attend the first meeting of the newly elected Philippine National Assembly which he has organised. Morally and physically, "Big Bill," as Mr. William Howard Taft, the genial American Secretary of State, is affectionately nicknamed, is a big man. As Judge Taft, on the Federal Bench, he won respect and confidence from Capital and Labour alike by his fine and fearless decisions in trade disputes. As the handy-man of the Administration, he has more than once in Washington, during President Roosevelt's absence, prevented, very diplomatically, a boiling over of the political pot. As pacificator he has accomplished the seemingly impossible in Cuba, and in the never-at-rest Central American Republics.

Mr. Secretary Taft

Now on his way to the Philippines, in fulfilment of his promise to attend the first meeting of the Islanders' first Legislature, which is shortly to assemble at Manila

His Tour Round the World

His little visit to the Philippines brought to a satisfactory conclusion, he will proceed northward to Japan, where, it is hoped, the Tact of Taft will do much good at the present awkward juncture. He will return by the Trans-Siberian route through Europe in good time, and in his very best fighting form, for the next year's Presidential race, for which, supposing Mr. Roosevelt be not a runner, Secretary Taft, Vice-President Fairbanks, Speaker Cannon, and Senator Knox are the chief entries. Mr. Taft, of course, is the beloved disciple of the present President. In only quite extrinsic details does his avowed political programme differ from that of his Chief. The Republicans, therefore, should Mr. Roosevelt make final his decision not to stand again, will vote to a man for Mr. Taft as his successor.

* * *

When East Meets West

The recent reiteration of the "Pacific Question" in Vancouver has made of particular interest this projected tour in the East of one of America's leading men. Racial animosity between the English-speaking inhabitants of the Pacific coast and the Japanese and Chinese immigrants has risen to fever-heat, and threatens to keep there. War with Japan is never an absent possibility. Ninety-nine out of every hundred Americans foretell it, and ask at the same time which, then, will count—the blood-ties between Mother England and her daughter America or the political alliance between England and Japan? Altogether the complications which must inevitably ensue on this question of Asiatic immigration (and consequent cheap, plentiful, and good labour) to the sparsely populated shores of the Pacific are positively overwhelming. Korea and Manchuria are apparently insufficient foothold for the Yellow Race. Place, it seems, must be found elsewhere. Probably in South America and in Mexico; not, for the present at any rate, in Canada. But that a decision of some kind must be arrived at, and that with the least possible delay, is more than obvious, if there are not to be frequent repetitions of the Vancouver affair

En Route for Manila

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Loading guns in Brooklyn Dockyard, New York, for shipment to the Philippines. While no reason is specifically assigned for the shipments, they are, no doubt, a part of the general programme of arming America's Pacific seaboards, so as to be prepared for a possible conflict with Japan. In such an event, the Philippines would form a natural object of attack by a hostile fleet

The Progress of the Philippines

MANILA, THE CAPITAL, WHERE THE NEW LEGISLATURE WILL SIT

Escolta, the Principal Business Street in Manila

The architecture of Manila, the seat of the new National Assembly, at the opening of which Mr. Secretary Taft is to be present, is not imposing, successive earthquakes having wrought much damage. Tramways, however, run in all the principal streets, and electric light is in general use. The city possesses an excellent telephone service

Manila Bay, from within the Breakwater, looking towards Old Manila, showing Cathedral

From Stereographs Copyright *Underwood, New York*

Manila was first founded in 1571, but several earthquakes have destroyed all the more old-world portions of the city. The Pasig River practically divides Manila into two parts, the official or walled city being on the left bank, and the commercial quarter on the Island of Binondo. Around the edge of the bay is a drive lined with almond trees, which every evening is the rendezvous of the wealth and fashion of the city

Two Interesting "Majorities"

A Future Duke

All this week, festivities in honour of the coming-of-age of Lord Granby, the only surviving son of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, are taking place at Haddon and at Belvoir. It is getting on for a century since the coming-of-age of a Marquis of Granby was last celebrated at Belvoir, that Marquis being afterwards the sixth Duke, who died unmarried in 1888, and who was succeeded by the late Duke, his brother, for so long known to the world as Lord John Manners. The peerage, originally an earldom, was conferred in 1525, the year in which the building of Belvoir Castle was

The Hon. Paul Methuen

Eldest son of Lord Methuen, who attains his majority on the 29th inst.

begun. The celebrated "Marquis of Granby," immortalised on public-house signs, and as the "Markis" of Sam Weller, was the eldest son of the third Duke. He attained great renown as Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces serving in Germany under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, but died without succeeding to the dukedom.

* * *

Not Yet Artistic

The present Marquis of Granby was at Eton, and is now an undergraduate at Cambridge. He is in his third year (or will be when he goes up in October), and he has rooms in the famous Great Court of Trinity, in the arrangement of which the Marquis's artistic and clever mother is suspected to have taken a part, so charming and so æsthetic is the future Duke's "boudoir." The noble Marquis himself, however, has not, up to the present, at any rate, proved himself possessed of those many artistic tendencies which are the acknowledged attributes of his accomplished mother (once a brilliant leader of "Souls") and his three pretty and *spirituelle* sisters. His father's more mundane, if more sporting pursuits, chief among which is fishing, have, up to now, proved more in his line. In appearance, the young Marquis combines the good looks of both the Manners and the Lindsays. He is very like his mother, and owns the same fine features and small classic head. He lacks, however, the little pointed, decided chin which so distinguishes the *dilettante* Duchess.

* * *

Haddon Hall

Haddon Hall, the scene of the coming-of-age of the young Marquis is an ancient castellated mansion of extremely picturesque appearance and romantic association. In the time of the first Duke of Rutland, seven score servants were maintained at Haddon, but, shortly after this period, it was finally quitted for Belvoir. The tower, said to be older than the Conquest, with narrow loopholes and dark, gloomy rooms, is the only part which retains the wild, rugged character of the fighting age which succeeded the departure of the Romans. The rest of the building is a combination of Saxon and Gothic, without defences. The great hall was the ancient dining-room. Most of the many rooms are small, but the dining-room has lovely mullioned and oriel windows, while the drawing-room is hung with old tapestry and has a richly ornamented ceiling. The State bedroom, too, is hung with Gobelin's tapestry, and the great bed, 14 ft. high, is furnished in green velvet and white satin, exquisitely embroidered. In the small and ancient chapel (Norman and Early English) is some fine old stained glass, the best specimens of which were, however, stolen and conveyed abroad early in the last century. A door leading from the long gallery by a short flight of steps on to a balustraded terrace, shaded by ancient yew trees, is still called the Dorothy Vernon door, it being that by which she left the mansion on her elopement. The broad avenue of sycamore and lime trees is also called the Dorothy Vernon Walk.

* * *

A Soldier's Son

Yet another coming-of-age which is to be celebrated this week is that

Photo *Emary*

The Marquis of Granby

Who came of age on the 21st inst. Festivities are in progress now at Haddon Hall and Belvoir

of the Hon. Paul Methuen, son of Lord Methuen. He will inherit, together with the barony, one of the loveliest old houses in the West of England—Corsham Court. Corsham, which has been in the Methuen family since 1746, belonged formerly to the Hungerfords, and also to the Smythes, who built the Elizabethan south front for which the house is famous. The great state rooms were built by "Capability Brown," and in these were once hung the fine pictures acquired by Sir Paul Methuen, the famous Ambassador to Portugal who concluded the "Port Wine Treaty," so called because it led to the import and consumption of port wine in large quantities in England.

Rufford's Royal Guest

LORD AND LADY SAVILE'S DISTINGUISHED HOUSE-PARTY

Photo *Howard and Barrett, Southwell*

H.M. The King, with his hostess, Lady Savile, and a group of his fellow guests at Rufford Abbey

BACK ROW (*left to right*): Sir A. Davidson, the Right Hon. L. V. Harcourt, the Hon. Mrs. George Keppel, Lord Stanley, H.M. THE KING, the Hon. Mrs. L. V. Harcourt, and M. Poklewski (of the Russian Embassy)

FRONT ROW (*left to right*): Lady Sarah Wilson, Lady Egerton, and Lady Savile

A Versatile Sportswoman

THE MARRIAGE OF MISS CONSTANCE WILSON

The marriage of Miss C. M. Wilson to Mr. J. F. Luard at Brighton on Saturday last, while it means that Khartoum (where Mr. Luard is the manager of the Bank of Egypt) will become the permanent home of this versatile sportswoman, happily does not mean that English playing-fields will know her no more. For the lady who has won conspicuous success at lawn tennis, gained International honours at hockey, and achieved other distinctions in the outdoor world, intends to divide her time, as far as possible, between England and Egypt, and in both countries to pursue those pastimes which have brought her so much into prominence.

The other day I asked Mrs. Luard (of course, I did not call her Mrs. Luard then) to divulge the secret of her success at games. Was she a disciple of Eustace Miles? Had she self-practised theories about muscular and mental training? Was she coached, or did she feel that she had an hereditary or natural aptitude for proficiency?

* * *

A Mistress of Style

Mrs. Luard neither pleaded guilty to vegetarianism nor gave me to understand that she had bothered much about cause and effect in regard to her progress.

"I think," was her way of putting it, "it is essential, if a girl is to excel at sports, that she should begin when she is at school. That may sound trite, but it is my way of telling her to begin young. Only by this early training, at an impressionable age, can she hope to acquire a good style and display that freedom of limb which makes the girl-athlete look natural and not the artificial monstrosity that provokes uncomplimentary remark."

And Mrs. Luard was undoubtedly a mistress of style. More strenuous lady hockey players there might be, tennis champions who could command more stamina and perhaps a little more combativeness, golfers who could drive the ball further, and feminine cue-ists who ran up higher breaks on the billiard-table; but not one is there who has brought to the pursuit of these pastimes the same graceful, unemotional style, or who gives stronger testimony of having been adept from a very early age. The male cynic can rarely watch a ladies' hockey match without having just cause for deprecating some of the unbecoming attitudes assumed by many of the players. I remember when I first saw ladies play hockey I thought of a bargain sale at Peter Robinson's. Of course, first-class ladies' hockey is very different to-day; there's combination, there's science, and there's restraint. Yet even in an International match now, you will see physical evolutions that seem to outrage your conception of feminine grace, and set you wondering how such contortions would look in the drawing-room. Mrs. Luard never challenges the sense of modesty. When she is deftly piloting the hockey ball through a maze of opponents, every movement of her lithe figure is in symmetrical harmony. The nervous energy seems so beautifully under control—it is always a decorous, yet a skilful exhibition. So on the lawn-tennis court, in the badminton arena, even at the ping-pong table—at which almost obsolete pastime, by the way, Miss Wilson won the All-England Championship. There is never a suspicion of flurry or worry. One cannot help believing that this care-free temperament has materially aided its owner in the many realms of outdoor activity which she has explored.

Mrs. J. F. Luard (lately Miss Constance Wilson)

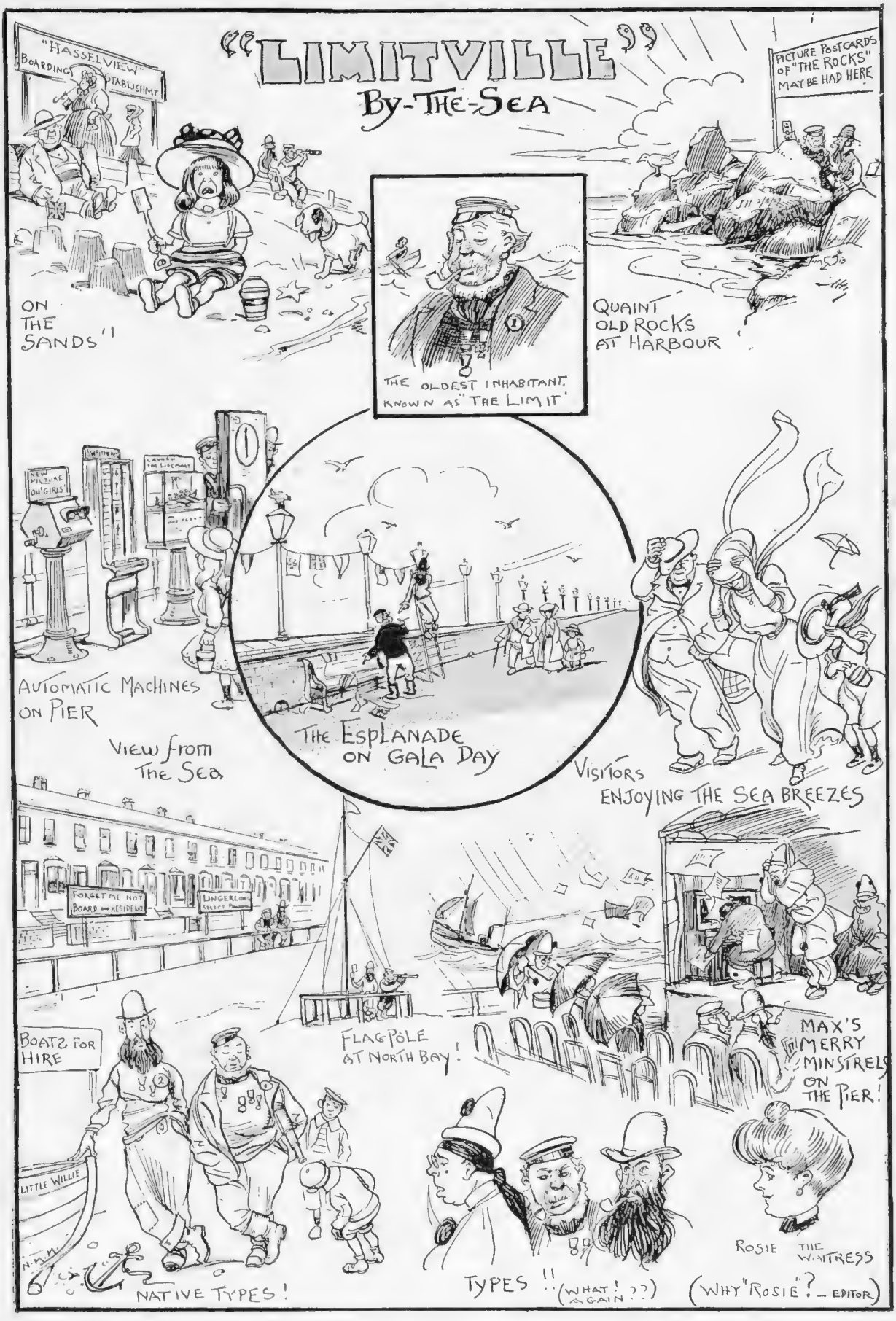
Lawn-Tennis Champion and adept at numerous other games (hockey, badminton, and golf). Her marriage with Mr. J. F. Luard, Manager of the Bank of Egypt, at Khartoum, took place on Saturday. Though Mrs. Luard will reside in the Soudan capital, she will visit England sufficiently regularly to be able to keep in touch with games in the old country

* * *

Some Memorable Feats

Mrs. Luard, I need hardly add, comes of an athletic family. Her elder sisters displayed a marked aptitude for ball-games—just as did she herself—in their school-days, and at the Blackheath High School they "led the field." When Miss Constance Wilson, the subject of this sketch, duly appeared at the same institution, it was inevitable she should become the lawn-tennis champion, just as it was certain that a year or so later she would become champion of Kent. Having a genial and generous father, who joyfully undertook the duties of male chaperon, the local champion quickly triumphed in wider fields. On several memorable occasions she has beaten Mrs. Chambers when that lady was at the height of her powers, and only this summer, at Beckenham, she gained a set from the redoubtable Miss Sutton. At hockey she has been a pillar of Surrey's strength and a ready choice for International representation. Her success at badminton has brought her many prizes, while she is adroit with the golf club. Lastly, Mrs. Luard is always a popular favourite at country house-parties, for she excels at billiards and Bridge, and exhibits the same graceful poise in the ballroom as she does elsewhere.

A. Wallis Myers.



OUR ARTIST'S PATHETIC MEMORIES OF A DAY BY THE SILVER SEA AT A TYPICAL BRITISH PLEASURE RESORT

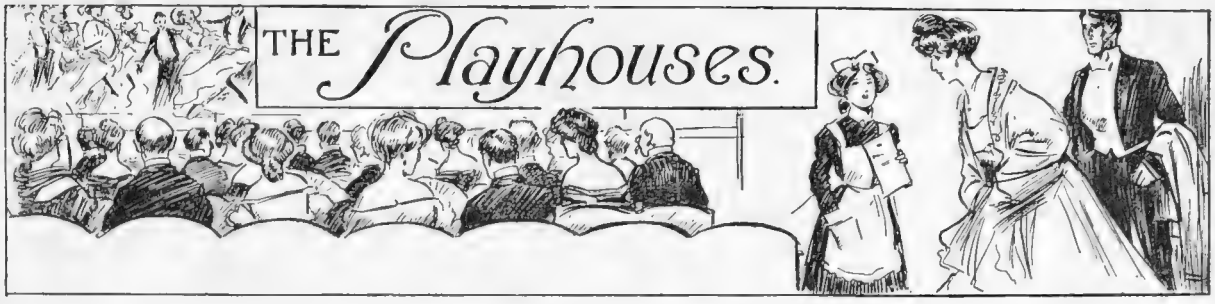
BY NORMAN MORROW

At the Aldwych Theatre

Photo *Rita Martin*

Miss Barbara Deane, now playing the part of Mary McCleod in "The Gay Gordons" at the Aldwych

Miss Barbara Deane's first appearance was in *The Cherry Girl* at the Vaudeville, subsequently taking up a part in *The Catch of the Season* during its run at the same theatre, and also during its tour through America



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

LYRIC THEATRE

"Under the Greenwood Tree"

What is the function of the theatre? Mr. H. V. Esmond, judged by his plays, would reply, "To charm and to amuse." For, up to date, Mr. Esmond has shown little disposition to use the theatre as the medium for propounding new doctrines or for remedying old evils. There were two other claimants to the title, *Under the Greenwood Tree*. After seeing his play, one can understand Mr. Esmond's determined and undismayed attitude. He refused to re-name his play, because the first line of a Shakespearean sonnet fitted it as no other title could. It is a pity Mr. Esmond is not more of a romancer. He lacks the romancer's gift of expression. His little idyll, set in the heart of the New Forest, is pleasantly conceived. But the expression of it falls short of the conception. Having conceived how the rich Mary Hamilton could not possibly act, he should have conceived how she could not possibly talk. He keeps bringing his romance to earth by means of the guide-rope of his own modernity. His romance is a captive romance.

Only the impossible in language can do justice to the impossible in situation. Mr. Esmond's play should be interpreted through verse of the quality of M. Edmond Rostand's. There is as much romance in the scenario of *Under the Greenwood Tree* as there is in *Cyrano de Bergerac*. But the author of the former has told his story in prose, only relieved from baldness by the addition of a few Americanisms. For much of his humour he has relied upon the old dodge of expressing the sublime in terms of the ridiculous. He engenders a romantic situation, then treats it like an Aunt Sally, pelting it with slang epithets.

Under the Greenwood Tree should either have been a musical comedy or a play in blank verse. The subject-matter of a play or a book is nothing. The Greeks wrote tragedies upon subjects which a modern music-hall manager might or might not consider good enough for "dramatic episodes." It is the treatment of a subject that is everything. In the romance of Mary Hamilton, who, tired of Society, seeks to renew her soul in the smell of the earth and the song of the birds, Mr. Esmond has set up in us longings which his play does not satisfy. He has forborne to tell a story. Consequently, when one knows the end of the play four minutes after the curtain has risen, one naturally looks to the dialogue to make up for the lack of narrative, and one feels a sense of keen disappointment when the language of the play never soars above the ordinary.

But a judicious mingling of sentiment and comedy in this little play should make it appeal to a large public. Moreover, it is played with great charm by all the members of the cast. Miss Maxine Elliott is one of those rare individuals who, gifted with the commanding presence and noble mien of a tragedy Queen, yet can be as light in her manner as a pocket edition of a *comédienne*. J. G. M. Hylton, Esq., J.P., knocks brusquely on the door of the caravan. It is opened, a vision appears—Miss Maxine Elliott—and he is in love. Nothing could be more natural than this happening. Mr. Eric Maturin and Miss Mary Jerrold were very delectable as a junior pair

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

"Under the Greenwood Tree"

Mary Hamilton (Miss Maxine Elliott) suddenly pushes open the door of the caravan, thereby upsetting down the steps Dago, the Gipsy (Mr. Tom Mowbray), who has come to demand money of a defenceless woman

of lovers; their comedy relief was a great assistance to the play. Mention, too, must be made of another diverting character, the chauffeur, Griggs, capitally played by Mr. George Blunt. The disgust of the lordly chauffeur at his uncomfortable conditions of life with the caravan party was suggested in amusing fashion by Mr. Blunt. The actor did not make the mistake of overdoing the rôle. On the whole, a pleasant little play, very well acted by all the members of the cast, and staged in a manner so attractive as to cause the Londoner to sigh, as Mary Hamilton did, for the delights of the country and the Simple Life.

DRURY LANE

"The Sins of Society"

The authors of the Drury Lane autumn drama need never be in doubt about what is required of them. It is their business to weave into a cunning story the most arresting incidents and crimes which have amused and shocked Society during the past year. There is no doubt that, of late, Society has been most interested in the contemplation of its own sins. There at once you have *the* title for the Lane drama. What sin? Gambling in general, Bridge in particular. Why take an interest in one's sins? Because they have been denounced in scathing terms by a popular preacher. In go racing, Bridge, and the preacher into the drama. The *cause célèbre*? Not divorce in the High Court this year, but the "box trick" at the Old Bailey. So our authors calmly write in a scene where the villain prevails upon the titled widow in debt to pawn for £7,000 a box containing not diamonds, as the unsuspecting pawnbroker imagines, but lumps of coal. Here one pauses to think. Is this in good taste or not? Those who defend the use in *The Sins of Society* of the "box trick" say that one might as well debar a murder upon the stage because a nobleman had figured among the murderers of the year. There is another way of regarding the incident. Even the law is humane upon the matter of raking up a man's past when he has atoned for it. If you go and live at Wozzle, and discover in that respected Town Councillor Jones a man who formerly enjoyed the hospitality of the State, and a number instead of a name, it is not permissible to recall to Jones's townsmen his early indiscretion. Now, it might fairly be supposed that the "box trick" had begun to fade from people's recollection. The revival of it upon the stage can only have the effect of imprinting the incident afresh and deeply upon the public mind. One can well imagine years hence someone remarking, "Don't you remember? Why they actually put it into the Drury Lane drama." Hence the charitably minded are inclined to grieve that the authors did not choose some crime less easily identified with a particular person. To pass on, for we have not exhausted the list of the year's tragedies and comedies. You recall a young lieutenant who left his own regiment, and within a day or two enlisted as a private. The Drury Lane drama has set the seal of notoriety upon his little escapade. And so, at their desks, littered with newspaper clippings, the authors of the autumn drama pursue their task with flying pens. Next comes Mr. Arthur Collins. His principal tasks are two. To choose a cast which is so good as to set people talking; and to provide a couple of sensations which will give the public thrills. It must be some years since Mr. Albert Chevalier has figured upon the regular stage, and not a tithe of the audience who flock to Drury Lane know until they see his performance what an admirable actor he is. So Mr. Chevalier is engaged to supply the "comic relief," and admirably he acquits himself of the task, and all the rest of the cast are in the very forefront of their own particular lines. As regards sensation, Mr. Collins has settled upon an original one and two revivals. A race scene always goes—even if the actual race be "off," there is plenty of excitement to be derived from the beautifully dressed crowds (O! those dresses; what line; what colours!); the arrival of the President's carriage, drawn by a splendid team of horses, one of which added to the excitement of the scene by betraying a desire to back into the orchestra; finally, the curtain falling upon the pitiful spectacle of a jockey, who has pulled his horse, cowering before an infuriated mob who thirst for his blood. The second revived sensation is Mr. Julian L'Estrange's dive into the weir. The third cannot be described, it must be seen—a troopship which strikes a rock and slowly settles down into the deep with the troops at the salute. A rattling slap-up, eye-satisfying, emotion-thrilling, very deuce of a melodrama.

E. C. S.

Touring the Suburbs

Miss Ellen Terry has been appearing as Lady Cicely in *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* at the Coronet Theatre, and is now touring Mr. Robert Arthur's suburban theatres. This is her first appearance since her marriage

"The Christian"

We regret that, owing to a clerical error, the photographs of *The Christian*, which appeared in our issue of last week, were stated to have been by the Dover Street Studios, whereas they should have been acknowledged as by the Illustrations Bureau. We beg to tender our apologies for the mistake to all parties concerned.

SKETCHED AT DRURY LANE BY OUR IRRESPONSIBLE ARTIST, NORMAN MORROW

Morocco's Civilised Corner

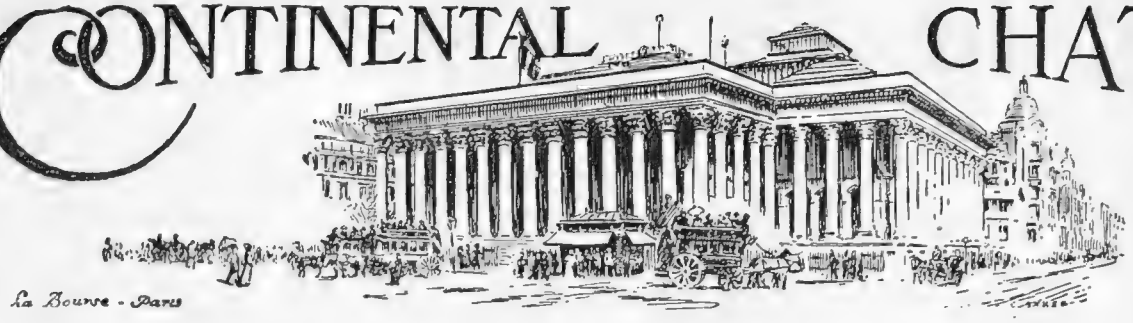
TWO PEEPS AT TANGIER

Tangier: The Bay (photographed from the Hotel Cecil)

Photos] **The Principal Street in Tangier** *[White, Littlehampton*

Cobbled and steep, it runs from the Bab-es-Marsa (Marine Gate) to the Bab-es-Sôk (Market Gate). Tangier is, practically, the only "civilised" corner of Morocco, in the sense that it contains hotels, shops, and streets bearing some resemblance to those of European towns. Travellers will note the resemblance of the street above shown to the Grand Rue de Pera in Constantinople. In both cases, the narrow thoroughfare, containing small French-named shops and Italian-looking white houses with balconies, is crowded with people clad in every conceivable kind of costume, suggestive of the extremes of civilisation

CONTINENTAL CHAT



Biarritz

The season at Biarritz is now in full swing, the notabilities having this year returned there much sooner than usual. September, however, is not the month when English people honour the "Queen of the West" with their presence, but it is the most important month of the year, and is the time when Biarritz is at its best. Judging from the muster here, English people are beginning to find that out. Biarritz is always gay. There is always something to do and see, and whatever the season may be there are always interesting people staying here. Some come for the lovely bracing air, which has the same tonic effect as the best champagne; some come to enjoy the scenery, the jagged rocks, the sea, the mountains, and the magnificent sunsets, which at this moment can be equalled nowhere. There are some, too, who come to lead the same unhealthy existence as they lead at Monte Carlo. Many poets and artists have made their home in Biarritz. The fashionable world, with all its frivolities, neither interests them nor interferes with them. Their villas are some distance away from the town and the Casino, and they lead their own lives and receive their own little circle of friends, regardless of the tyrannies of Mme. la Mode. Although I have seen them many times, never have the red-roofed houses, and the green shutters, and the dark blue ocean appeared so attractive as they are at present. The whole landscape seems to be bathed in light and colour. In July and August Biarritz is duller than at any other time of the year. The Muscovite contingent make room for the Spanish matrons, who come with their families; there are French provincials on their way to Spain, and—invalids. This year, I am told, has been an exception. Certainly, the place is far from slow. Since the King's marriage more interest has been taken in Court life, and the presence of the King or Queen at San Sebastian has certainly brought a number of newcomers to Biarritz.

* * *

King Alfonso's Breakneck Automobilism

Hardly a day passes but this young Monarch "races" over to France and back. His is the only motor that is not stopped at the frontier, and his usual speed is about a hundred kilometres an hour! It is curious to

King Alfonso as a Motorist

King Alfonso's devotion to high-speed motoring is the cause of much disquietude to his mother, the Queen-Regent, and the Premier, Signor Maura. When in residence at San Sebastian, he delights to make lightning excursions across the border into France

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Kaiser's Asbestos Movable House, which his Majesty has been using during the manœuvres

The German manœuvres have been even more realistic than usual, and the Kaiser bivouaced on the field with the troops in an asbestos house. Of course, in actual warfare one could not always expect to camp in such a convenient fireproof residence. But while the sham-fight is raging hotly, it's nice to know that one's house wouldn't catch fire, even supposing real shells are hurtling at it

watch the commotion that Alfonso's appearance in his motor-car generally creates. As he comes tearing along at his usual breakneck speed, two gendarmes stand ready for his arrival at every two hundred yards to keep the way clear; there is a whizz, a cloud of dust, and that is all that is seen of the King. At Bayonne, a short while ago, he was stopped like an ordinary mortal, and answered the usual questions as to name, residence, and profession before the poor policeman discovered to whom he was talking. Twice the Royal chauffeurs have given up their posts. "The father of a family," said one; "I cannot uselessly risk my life." The persons who suffer most from the King's recklessness are the Queen-Mother and Maura, the Prime Minister. Regardless of the fact that Anarchists and bombs exist, the King will leave his car at an ordinary "garage." I saw him one day having a conversation with the Queen, who, driving into Biarritz, as she often does, with her little son, happened to meet her husband there. But alas! the camera fiend soon separated the Royal couple!

* * *

Is Queen Victoria Really Popular?

I have not yet been able to make up my mind whether Queen Victoria is popular in Spain or not. The men speak in terms of disrespect of her non-appearance at the bull-fights, which she attends only when absolutely obliged. The women, more charitable, seem to think she does her best, but, although they are ready to pay homage to the mother of their future King, there is no disguising the fact that they would have preferred an Austrian Queen. The Queen-Mother is hardly ever seen except by her immediate *entourage*. With advancing years, this lady is becoming almost good-looking. White locks have softened her features, and there is an expression of resignation which I never noticed before. The young Queen is constantly to be seen driving with her husband. She takes a great interest in the Basque game of "pelotta," and goes to the matches whenever it is possible. The little Prince is a bonny boy, healthy and good-tempered. As often as possible he is taken out in a small landau, accompanied by three nurses and a governess, and drawn by six mules. Every precaution is taken for the safety of the little heir. King Alfonso was more than annoyed when he read some of the accounts of his serious operation! It was quite insignificant, and two hours later he was in his motor-car anxious to hear the results of the Spanish-American yacht races. The young King has developed a passion for International law. He spends at least two hours every day studying various important questions, and possesses nearly every good work that appears on this subject.

* * *

English Morning Costumes at Biarritz

It is curious to notice how shocked the Spanish ladies appear at the by no means picturesque English walking costumes worn in the morning at Biarritz. At whatever hour of the day you see a Spanish lady she is always elegant. At afternoon *gouter* at Miremon's, she is almost fit for a ball-room, and at eight o'clock Bridge she is resplendent with jewels. The Englishwomen, however, have taken a particular fancy to Spanish scarves. Many fêtes have this year been given for charity, the special committee having as President the Marquise del Muni, wife of the Spanish Ambassador in Paris.

The Motor Race (in Three Phases)

ANTICIPATION

REALISATION

! ! ! ! !

BY TONY SARG

The Race that Must be Won: If not

Photo

The Latest Cunarder, the "Mauretania."

Britain's fight for the supremacy of the ocean is no half-hearted one. The whole country rejoiced in the magnificent performance of the *Lusitania* on her maiden voyage, even though she was not successful in beating the *Deutschland's* record. This is a triumph in store for her in the near future. the *Lusitania* to tackle. The *Mauretania*, 90 ft. longer than her sister-ship, has been

ot the "Lusitania" the "Mauretania"!

Thompson and Lee

Leaving the Tyne for her Trial Trip

ure. The Germans, however, have not merely *nia*, the latest Cunard leviathan, which is en undergoing her trial trip, and when she commences her journeyings in earnest on the high seas, who shall say that she may not only beat all previous records, but that she may even prove a rival of the *Lusitania?*

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 97

THE THIRD HAND

By HOPE MERRICK

(Author of "Jimmy's Mother," "When a Girl's Engaged," etc.)

THE only decent thing that Morton ever did for his wife was the lie he wrote when dying.

"Stick to that," he said, a wry smile on his sensual mouth. "It'll fool the jury."

"Oh, Jim——!" Her protest broke in agonised remorse.

"For the kid's sake," he breathed.

He could have used no stronger argument.

The blood, spreading over his shirt, seemed to fill all the space in front of her. She closed her eyes, but her lids were red-drenched. She raised her hand to cover them—her right hand. It seemed heavy still with the pistol it had held a moment back; so heavy that it dropped to her side, a guilty hand, afraid.

Like so many, she had never suspected the hidden hand that lurks about us all; that amazing third hand which does for us sometimes such unexpected things. It thinks no more of betraying a hero than of ennobling a coward. In the case of Mrs. Morton, a creature of gentle manner, and of a patient, serving spirit, it had raised itself in fury against her husband.

They had been talking of "the kid." The girl had written that her happiness was in peril. And her mother, with quaking courage, had appealed to him: he was spoiling Clarissa's prospects. Her lover was a man of scrupulous habit, and intolerant not only of the drink, but of ——. Would he not, for Clarissa's sake, live a more seemly life?

At the moment she had been rummaging in the drawers for something. His loud, coarse laugh in answer stung her ears as if he had uttered an obscenity. Her groping, trembling hands turned over a leather case, unfastened. The revolver rolled under her fingers. He was still laughing, reminiscently. . . . . On a sudden she flung round with the revolver in her amazing third hand.

In that single moment were nearly twenty years of shame and humiliation. In that single moment the Past and the Present and the Future shrieked together—and rising above all was her daughter's happiness. In the next was an unholy silence.

A sound far down in the house struck upon her ear even more dreadfully than the death-rattle in his throat. It was Jessie, the little lodging-house servant, labouring up with the breakfast-tray.

Now she gazed with some intelligence at the lie that he had written, realising that it spelt her salvation. He had seen, then, with his glazing eyes, the shadow of the gallows above her head!

The shuffling heavy step came on relentlessly. To the stricken, cowering woman it became the sound of many feet, and swift.

It seemed to her terror that all the world was rushing upon her; that there was one always foremost; one with a heavier tread; an ominous tread. . . . . Now they were near—almost at the door—tearing over one another to get at her!

"God!" she cried, in a strangled voice. "Keep them back! Don't let them drag me out into the street!"

The tired child clanked down her tray upon the tin trunk on the top floor.

It might have been noticed that the dirty little servant took some pains in arranging the dubious meal on the still more dubious cloth. Wherever there was a stain or a hole, she put a dish or a plate. Finally, she unrolled her sleeves. And all this for the third floor—who gave no tips! But then, Jessie would have told you, no one in the house smiled at her like the little lady on the third floor.

In the parlour she knocked at the bedroom door. The voice that answered her sounded muffled under bedclothes. As she turned away disappointed, however, the door was opened.

"Jessie, I want to see Mrs. Bates. Will you kindly——?"

The girl's eyes had strayed past the little figure in the doorway. With a ragged scream she turned and clattered headlong down the stairs.

Mrs. Bates received the electrifying news with melancholy pleasure. She had never been able to bring her neighbours to admit that she was the unluckiest landlady in the Crescent. But now——!

Tardily enough, it was remembered below that it was usual, in the circumstances, to "inform the police." She thanked Heaven for their arrival.

In the afternoon Clarissa came.

To her father she had always been "the kid." To her mother she was Clarissa—even in pinafores the girl had seemed to the meek, spiritless little woman older than herself. Clarissa was so quick, and so clever! Motherhood would see no fault. In the hearts of the very lonely there is a magic that can make a raft of straws.

"This will finish me with Harold!" exclaimed the girl.

It was her greeting.

"Oh, no, Clarissa, let us hope not!"

"Hope! You know Harold. Hasn't he a horror of anything disgraceful?"

"It might have been worse, dear."

"What? Speak up, mother, do! All this whispering about the house makes me want to scream. And it doesn't do father any good."

Her mother fell to whimpering again. The girl regarded her with frank astonishment.

"Why do you pretend to regret him? You see I don't pretend. I don't see any use in humbugging ourselves."

"You don't understand! You don't understand!"

"Yes, I do, perfectly. I believe in certain conventions myself. But I don't see the need of your

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An Innocent Little Sinner

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Adrienne Augarde as Lady Gwendolen Ashley in "The Sins of Society" at Drury Lane

Lady Gwendolen Ashley is introduced by her elder sister, Lady Marian Beaumont (played by Miss Constance Collier), to the Pontifex Bridge Club, where the latter, by the way, has contracted immense debts. Little Lady Gwendolen also loses a good deal of money, but through the kindness of Lady Goldbury, a wealthy widow, she is enabled to pay up, promising at the same time to play no more. Lady Gwendolen's lover, Sir Dorian March, compromises himself in attempting to shield his *fiancée's* sister in a "substitution" deal with a pawnbroker. The pursuit and adventures of Sir Dorian afford the opportunity for the dramatic scenes and incidents which have given full scope to Mr. Collins's genius in stage management

(*Continued from page 652*)

crying in front of *me*. I've known all about father—*all*—since I was fifteen. And, considering the way he treated you with other women——"

"Please, Clarissa, don't!"

"Oh, very well. The point is, what about Harold?"

In the evening Harold came, shuddering perceptibly as he walked into the heart of this blatant lodging-house tragedy.

Someone, much to his annoyance, had once described him as a "spruce little person." It was not the kindest way of putting it perhaps, but it described him, even to his morals.

The niceties of life, to him, had certainly received a shock, but Clarissa was the tall, smart, sensible, sort of girl he most admired, and there were not too many such who valued him at his true worth. Therefore he had come in a magnanimous spirit, anxious to rescue his bride-elect at once from the muddy whirlpool of her undesirable father's death.

The date of the marriage was arranged between them for a fortnight hence.

From her distant corner, where Mrs. Morton had effaced herself, came a timid protest.

"I only ask for a decent interval," she faltered. "Surely, you will give it to him, Clarissa, in simple respect?"

The girl opened a scornful mouth, and closed it as her mother shrank submissively from the terrible things those young lips could utter.

For Mrs. Morton the "indecent interval" was, after all, too long. During that fortnight it seemed to her that she carried a knife in her side constantly turned by Clarissa's hand. As the girl had said, "she saw no use in humbugging themselves." And there was much shopping and sewing to be done. Her mother would have fled from the haunted rooms, but Clarissa, of iron nerve, pointed out that there was no time to spare for lodging-hunting.

"It will give you something to do when I am gone," she said, not unkindly, vaguely realising her future loneliness.

It was to be alone that Mrs. Morton craved, from the first long day to the fourteenth—to the very moment when she stood at last, smiling gallantly, by the departing train.

"Mind you give Mrs. Bates notice directly you get in," said the happy bride, effusively, from the window.

As she approached Culverdale Crescent, N.W., the mother smiled again with timid anticipation. This was the last time that she would push open the ponderous, paintless gate which gave the Crescent its secluded air. For she had resolved to quit it in the first hour of her freedom. She cast a thankful farewell glance at the three anæmic poplars which graced the mangy crescent of grass, on which landladies' children must have played for ages.

When she had done her packing she rang the bell.

But Mrs. Bates "wouldn't hear of it." Her reply was glib, as if the suggestion were not wholly unexpected.

"What?" she cried. "You talk of leaving me? You who should stand by me, with ruin staring me in the face! Of course, I don't blame you for what's happened. But there it is! My dining-room lodger gave notice on the same day; and I've lost the chance of a good drawing-room 'let' since. It's given the house a bad name. And the only thing you can do is to stay on with me until the unpleasant business is forgotten—as the smallest compensation for the damage I have sustained."

She carried her point. Truly she had summed up her timorous lodger long ago. There was one concession, however, to which she was astute enough to yield. And Mrs. Morton that day moved down into the dining-room—"for the same money"—humble and crushed.

When Clarissa had returned from her honeymoon, and could spare from flat-finding a moment to visit her mother, she said amiably: "I'll let you know when we're properly fixed up, and then you must come out to see us."

The wistfully awaited invitation, however, was many weeks in coming. And then there were particular instructions to take a morning train out to Brixton, and "the 4.35" was quoted as a good one for the return.

"You see," Clarissa explained, as she proudly showed her mother over the flat, "your presence would naturally remind Harold of things best forgotten. He's very sensitive, as you know, and——"

"I understand," said the other, remembering painfully how different it would have been for Clarissa but for her father's merciful lie.

"I knew you would. Harold hasn't said anything, exactly, but of course I feel——"

"I understand, dear."

And the beautiful new carpet became all at once to the widow a blur of rainbow tints. In this moment she realised that her penance had begun.

Her visits to Brixton were of her own making—rare occasions, to be remembered as periods of savage pain. As the symbol of "things best forgotten," she found that she had lost her natural place in her daughter's life. It was Harold's mother who first heard of the girl's secret hope. It was Harold's mother who helped to cut out the baby's clothes. It was Harold's mother who sustained the girl through her ordeal. And, later on, Clarissa's mother, almost a stranger in the home, would flee as a pariah from the warm sweetness of Clarissa's nursery to the lesser hell of the gloomy Crescent, and her landlady.

"The damage she had sustained" was never absent from Mrs. Bates's face, or from the inflexions of her voice; frequently it found expression in some dreary allusion, to prove that the "unpleasant business" was still a matter of yesterday.

In these first months of her desolation, Mrs. Morton learnt to look for the entrance of the little servant as the only human touch in the day's monotony. Jessie was always expectant of her little lady's smile. The smile, so difficult to summon now, was never denied her. And, just for an instant, the unspeakably lonely woman would feel once more in communion with a fellow-being.

Yet, perhaps, she never quite realised what the little servant meant to her until the day that Jessie came up in her hat and jacket, with a tin hat-box dangling from her finger.

"Well, good-bye, ma'am!"

"Good-bye, Jessie." She held out her hand. "And thank you for all your kindness." The girl's red, moist palm stuck clammily, but it was not dropped in any haste. "I hope you'll find a comfortable place, with not quite so many stairs."

"Thank you, ma'am. Not as I mind the stairs if there's a smile at the top. I shall miss you for that, dreadful!"

"Perhaps—perhaps you will come to see me sometimes, if you don't get too far away?"

"That I will—thank you, ma'am."

At the door, Jessie looked back and grinned. It was a rather hysterical affair.

"Don't you mope now!" she blurted.

"Oh, no—indeed!"

(*Continued on page 656*)

Safe from the Snare of the Fowler

A SANCTUARY FOR FEATHERED FOLK IN THE BRENT VALLEY

A Robin's nest in a beer-can

In this queer nesting-place, the young robins were successfully hatched and reared

A Willow-Warbler's nest

These birds are fairly common. In the wood their nests are nearly always found in a clearing close to the ground

Young Blackbirds

Some of the birds, in the course of their building operations, made use of scraps of paper dropped in a paper chase

A Chaffinch's nest on an oak bough

This bird breeds commonly in and around the wood

Two hungry young Thrushes

Song-thrushes are plentiful in the neighbourhood

A nest of Song-Thrush eggs

A Missel-Thrush nest in a cleft branch

A few years ago, some members of the Brent Valley Branch of the Selborne Society, who were interested in birds and bird-life, conceived the idea that a wood of about 19 acres which remains in the district might be protected, and made to serve as a bird sanctuary. This has now been done, and the wood in question has been put under the charge of a keeper to prevent the breaking down of the protecting hedge and the intrusion of strangers. Though within a dozen miles of the City, the wood is a haven for, besides the comparatively common birds illustrated above, such feathered folk as Turtle-doves, Kingfishers, Yellow-hammers, Woodpeckers, Cuckoos, Nightingales, and many others. The spot is also rich in wild flowers of every description, the spectacle of the bluebells in the early Spring being especially noteworthy

All photos, except the fifth, by Wilfred Mark Webb; the fifth by William Lawrance

(*Continued from page 654*)

And Jessie closed the door upon her little lady's smile, which was also an hysterical affair.

Occasionally, very occasionally, Clarissa paid a flying visit, with "just ten minutes to spare." She would rush in, with evidence of a harassing day's shopping on her flushed face, and sit with her eye on the clock. She talked incessantly, every minute of the ten, of intimate little home matters which her mother could not follow. And as the woman listened, two pink patches would streak the pallor of her face.

Sometimes, before the gas was lighted, a wild thought would flit through the dusk to the lonely tenant of the darkening room: "Run away! Slip out into the twilight. Farther on are new lights, and fellow-beings, and bright rooms where no shadows lurk. Run away!" And always her heart would leap to the thought, beating furiously. She would strain forward in her chair. Sometimes the thought drew her to the window. More than once it drew her to the door—but never across the threshold.

In the hanging back from this human call there was something else even stronger than her timidity; something of which as yet she was unconscious, deep though its root. It was an expiatory passion.

It grew; week by week, month by month, it grew; steadily, relentlessly, until its expanding tentacles gripped her body and soul. Now, when the call came to her through the dusk, it was as an echo, mockingly. Her heart no longer leapt to it, but thudded dully in her breast. She sat inert, gazing at the three ghostlike poplars beyond the window. Her eyes, sunken by much looking inward, asked what right she had to steal out to those farther lights, where she might learn to forget for a moment her unutterable debt to God and Jim? Here, in the shadows and the isolation, she could pay at least a thousandth part of it.

But even the thousandth part was often beyond her. Then she would flee the house, and walk for hours in a narrow circle, within a stone's-throw of the Crescent, lest her feet should stray beyond the border line of her self-imprisonment. And more than once she fled the streets in a panic of temptation, to immure herself for days in the silence of her room.

It was on one of these days that Temptation knocked at her very door.

"I've come for the christening-robe," said Harold, looking none too pleased. "Didn't you get Clarissa's letter?"

And then she remembered. She couldn't think how it had slipped her memory! She hastened to the adjoining room.

It had been Clarissa's custom to borrow the long-treasured and jealously guarded robe of her own christening because it was a thing of beauty and of wonder.

The man stood thrumming impatiently on the window. With a shudder he recalled the aspect of the decaying Crescent; its broken blinds, and blistered doors, and missing pallisades, where so many "To Let" boards leaned dejectedly. And then those three spooks of trees! Heavens, what an outlook! What a place to live in!

He stood scowling at the three poor poplars, as if it were their fault that they had grown to withered middle-aged virginity.

A faint odour of lavender reached him as Mrs. Morton returned.

"Put on your bonnet," he said, "I'm going to take you home—to live with us!"

Her eyes looked at him hungrily. The spruce little man took the soft bundle from her shaking hands.

"I'll finish this," he said. "You go and put on your bonnet."

"But—Clarissa?" she breathed.

"That'll be all right."

"And Mrs. Bates?"

"I'll soon settle with her. I'm not going to leave you here another day. We'll send for your things later. But I've got a train to catch. You must hurry."

She moved blindly through the open folding-door into the other room. She took up her bonnet and looked at it, little sobs coming softly between her lips.

Harold was bustling for paper and string, and neither heard the sobs nor saw the sudden gesture with which she put on her bonnet, smashing it down recklessly. But the white ribbons were left untied.

The slam of the dividing door startled him. The next moment he heard the key turned.

"I can't go with you, Harold," she called, feebly.

"What? Why?"

Her voice reached him thickly, as if muffled by her hand.

"What?" he said again, rattling the handle. "Open the door. I can't hear."

"I can't open the door—I daren't Harold—I might change my mind. Please don't rattle the handle! And I mustn't, I mustn't go home to live with you. . . . I owe too much."

He dropped the knob as if it had suddenly burned him.

"How much?" he asked, dubiously, his amazing impulse wilting even then.

"Too much!"

He took a step back. This was another matter! If she owed the landlady so much, he could scarcely . . . and he had so many calls upon his purse.

He said something of this, standing a good three yards from the door. Then he glanced at his watch.

"Jove!" he exclaimed, "I shall barely catch my train. Perhaps you're right," he added, strenuously. "I shouldn't like to force you to do anything against your wish. If you should see your way later on, we shall—er—be very pleased to——" His voice trailed into a mumble as he crossed the sitting-room quickly with his short, dapper steps. "Good-bye," he called on the threshold. "Sorry I've got to hurry so! We'll send back the robe all right."

He fancied that she answered. But it was only that she had moaned.

For months afterwards that glad moment's opening of her prison gates, and their dull after-clang, remained to Mrs. Morton a vivid memory. In the throbbing silence of the day and of the night Harold's warm, kind call would come to her again: "I am going to take you home—to live with us!"

Home! It sounded like a soft-toned bell—her Angelus. Home—where motherhood and babies nested. Home—where hush was peace; where the blood of one's own pulsed hot enough, and strong enough, to banish shadows and drive out self-fear. . . . Clang! How dared she have dreamed of entering such a realm?

Distrusting herself, she now limited her daily walk to "up and down the Crescent." In the beginning she set it at ten times up and ten times down, as quickly as possible, to get it over. But, by-and-by, the daily walk seemed to take her twice as long, and she gradually lessened it to half, and then to half again; and yet it occupied her just as long as in the beginning.

It began to interest her, this stealthy change in her

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Singing For a Record

Mme. Ada Crossley, who, at the beginning of next month, commences a strenuous Autumn and Winter Tour

Though having only recently completed a short summer tour, Mme. Ada Crossley begins an arduous autumn and winter tour in October. Before the end of March she is due to sing at no fewer than 106 concerts in London and the Provinces. This is the first time she has ever toured with her own concert-party

(*Continued from page 656*)

bodily condition. It was something new, and something to speculate about. Instead of counting the flagstones or the window-cards, she fell to counting the rests she was obliged to take between the two gates of the Crescent. At the end of each week she made her total, and compared it with the last. It was a curious account she kept on that piece of paper.

When it became so great an effort to rise and dress that it occupied her two painful hours, the craving for confession came to her. Not as it comes to other criminals, who rush blindly to a blinder justice; but as to a child who craves forgiveness. She wanted Clarissa.

Her secret couldn't harm Clarissa now, she pondered. Surely she would forgive that mad moment's awful deed? And then, together, her head on her girl's breast, they would speak softly of Jim; not as he had usually been, but as he was when he had lied for them.

From day to day, however, she put off sending for Clarissa. And the getting up and dressing became a tragic labour. When, at last, she wrote, it was in trembling haste, because she felt that there were no more morrows left.

The little urgent note reached her daughter about noon. It was, as Clarissa pointed out to herself, "unfortunately her 'At Home' day." And no one, who is not the wife of a highly respected churchwarden, can conceive how inviolable is this monthly ceremony. As she changed her morning blouse for the ceremonial silk, Clarissa justified herself by glancing at the note again. Her mother didn't say what was the matter with her; only that she was sick, and longed to see her. A few hours could make no difference. She would go this evening! But, then, Harold couldn't bear dining by himself. Well, she would go directly after dinner!

But after dinner it rained, and she sent a line to say that her mother might expect her soon after breakfast.

The lengthening shadows of the poplars had crept nearly to the window when a visitor knocked at Mrs. Morton's door. Clarissa would not have knocked; yet the watcher turned to it a strained, hoping look. And there stood Jessie—Jessie grinning as of old, expectant of her little lady's smile. Jessie, grown to a stunted young woman, with her hands full, as usual; not with an overloaded tray, but with a great baby. She held it up high, gurgling with pride. And still the little lady did not smile.

"It's me, ma'am," cried Jessie, enjoying the situation. "Me and my baby! You'll excuse my sitting down, ma'am—Norman's that 'eavy!"

Something stirred in the other's heart; the little thrill that draws one woman to another where there is a baby. And Jessie's own particular smile travelled slowly back to Mrs. Morton's lips.

"Come and sit nearer, Jessie. I can't see him over there."

She was by the open window, in a chair that seemed a world too big for her. Now had the little lady shrunk, or had she herself grown so much? thought Jessie, as she went to her. No, the lady had shrunk. And—what else was it?"

"Now, ma'am, you've been moping?"

"Just a little, perhaps."

"But it's wore you to a shadder!"

"The summer has been so hot."

Then the baby diverted them. They drew still nearer to each other, the live woman and the dying one, adoring, in the way that women have, the babe eternal.

Time slipped in that hour before the gas was lighted; the hour when shadows lurked their darkest, and human echoes called mockingly. But to-night the summer dusk was luminous, glowing with a human warmth, and the only echo in the room was Jessie's kindling voice.

It was as if those farther lights had come to her who had yearned to them so long. A sense of fellow-being filled her. She nestled to it dreamily, smiling as she listened to a long and wondrous tale of a wondrous little home where things were kept for ever shining, and a good, kind man was king.

Presently she murmured: "Yes, I know that he is kind. It was kind of him to wish to take me home. That is what I wanted to tell you, dear; why I couldn't go home with Harold. You see, Clarissa, when one has done a great wrong——"

She paused. Jessie, in puzzled silence, peered into her companion's face and shrank back, clasping the sleeping child closer. To think that she hadn't known it when she first came in! To think she had been talking all this while—oh, the poor little lady! She rose, with the confused idea of doing something—lighting the gas, or calling someone. But the small, whispering voice went on and stayed her:

"——When one has committed a terrible crime, Clarissa, one mustn't take the sweets of life. One must pay, Clarissa, one must pay!"

"Oh, ma'am, don't talk like that!" cried Jessie. She sat down again by the big armchair in which the frail figure looked so shadowy and so small. "You be dreaming, ma'am. You be fancying things. I'm not even who you think. I'm only——"

The whisper went on, unheeding; or perhaps no earthly voice could pierce the mists.

"Daughter, I want you to think more kindly of your father. Once he did a very big thing for me, and for you. It was the lie he wrote when he lay dying. . . . Can you hear me? . . . It was a very splendid lie. A lie that lifted him above himself. He lied for me, who killed him. . . . I didn't plan it. . . . And oh, I haven't gone unhanged. . . ."

Only distressed incredulity was on the listener's face. It was cruel that her good little lady shou'd be troubled by such thoughts. "There, there, don't you think now," she said, chokingly. "Try and rest easy."

If the words did not penetrate, the tones fell softly on the closing ear.

"Are you forgiving me?" The question rushed twice over the strained lips. "Daughter, are you forgiving me?"

With an eloquent mother-gesture, which belongs to peasant as to queen, the working-woman drew the little lady's head down upon her breast.

It was Clarissa's Answer!

They did not speak again. Dusk deepened into twilight. A breeze that had a chill in it stirred the window curtains. The three poplars bent their heads together and whispered secretly. Jessie was quite aware now of the grim Presence waiting there behind them. But no vague fears assailed her. She had had the hard training of her class. Only once throughout her vigil a terror gripped her. Of a sudden she leaned her face close to the baby's. His breath came up soft and warm to her. All was well with the boy!

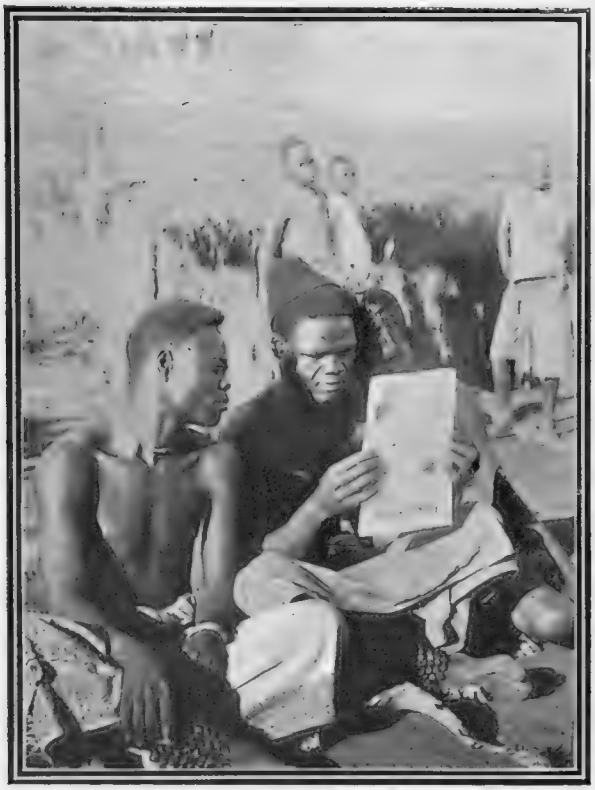
Then she returned to her vigil, and watched the trees patiently.

All that the other saw, and heard, was this second opening of her prison gates; and a soft-toned bell. . . . "It was so beautiful of Clarissa to take her home!"

HOPE MERRICK.

We Improve Their Minds!

CULTURE COURSES FOR THE DUSKY IN EQUATORIAL REGIONS



Reading Us Upside Down!

Snapshotted at Nuchenza, near Blantyre, British Central Africa, these three Angoni natives are sufficiently imbued with Western ideas to take an interest in current literature and journalism, even though they are apt to study the paper upside down. Sent by W. D. Bridger, Blantyre, British Central Africa

Two Dusky Admirers

The sender, Miss E. C. Drummond, Ringley Oak, Horsham, says: "The typical negresses in the picture are reading The Bystander at El Peru, Venezuela, a spot 750 miles up country"

A Study in Papuan Coiffures

Though but a few years back the inhabitants of New Guinea were sunk in the utmost savagery and cannibalism, they have shown themselves remarkably susceptible to Western ideas of civilisation. In the matter of coiffure, however, it will be noticed that they still adhere to the style of their ancestors. The native in the foreground is holding a pipe known as a bau-bau. The lady reading The Bystander is Mrs. Murray the wife of the Chief Justice of British New Guinea, who sends the photograph

To Beautify the Kitchen Garden

Though the primary object of the kitchen garden is utilitarian, there is no need why, as so often happens, it should be ugly, or at least unattractive. There are many vegetables, such as scarlet runners, which have beautiful flowers; there are many others, such as asparagus, beet, and, especially in autumn, carrots, which have beautiful foliage; and much can be done by planting them with some regard to effect. But to make the kitchen garden really worth seeing, the borders of the plots should be planted with flowers—old-fashioned flowers for preference: larkspurs and lupins, wallflowers in abundance, columbines and snapdragons, poppies, and scores of others in luxuriant masses, each to come on in its proper season. A kitchen garden so planned and managed is, indeed, a pleasure ground, and here one may pick flowers all day long for most months in the year without feeling that one is spoiling the ornamental part of the grounds. There is never any lack of flowers for the house, and there are always plenty to give away. The gardener may grumble at losing some of his space for vegetables, but it is his business to obey orders, and if the garden is not large there is no need to make the borders very broad. The ground should be prepared as soon as it is vacant, and plants should be put in soon in order that they may make fresh roots before cold weather comes.

Flower Borders for the Kitchen Garden

There is no reason why the kitchen garden should be unattractive, though, of course, its main object is utilitarian. By means of borders planted with flowers its appearance can be made most pleasing, while there is always decoration in plenty for the house, without the necessity of spoiling the ornamental beds

Transplanting Evergreens

There is some diversity of opinion as to the best time for transplanting evergreen shrubs and trees. Some prefer autumn because of the risk of a dry spring; others prefer spring because of the risk of a severe winter. Probably, however, September is the safest month. As a rule, the soil is then fairly moist, and as it is still warm—warmer on the average than the overlying atmosphere—new roots are soon formed, so that the plants are not likely to be injured even if the weather should be very cold later. Unlike deciduous shrubs and trees, evergreens never have a period of complete rest; their leaves perform their functions all the year round, though, of course, less actively in winter, when the temperature is low, than in summer, when it is high; that is why there is more care needed in moving them than in moving plants which are leafless, and consequently dormant. That, too, is why they should always be moved with a ball of soil—as large a ball as possible—so that some at least of the roots, being undisturbed, may continue to supply the food required by the leaves for the elaboration of sap. When the planting is finished, the ground should be soaked with water, and the soaking should be repeated as often as may be necessary during the following year. Cutting winds, which carry away an excessive amount of moisture from the foliage—an amount which the roots are not able to make good—are the chief source of danger. It is, therefore, advisable, when evergreens are planted in an exposed position, that some sort of screen should be erected on the side from which the prevalent winds come. If it is desired to increase the stock, this may be done now by means of cuttings, inserted in a sheltered corner in the open ground.

H. C. Davidson.

Brittany—Viâ Plymouth and Brest

The Great Western Railway Company have decided to inaugurate a regular weekly steamship service between Plymouth and Brest, thereby affording the most direct and convenient route between England and the North-West of France. The occasional trips which have been run during the summer of this year have been exceptionally well patronised.

BIG GAME IN BURMA

SOME UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS

MY FAVOURITE CAMPING PLACE

On this and the two following pages are given some interesting, and, in some instances, unique, photographs of big-game bags made by Mr. W. S. Thom, the Deputy-Commissioner of the Paletwa District, Burma. Of the spot shown above, Mr. Thom says: "I have wandered far afield in search of sport, but never have I hit upon such a paradise for varieties of game as was to be found in this neighbourhood." The elephants in the photograph were used for baggage and transport purposes

A FINE SPECIMEN OF AN INDIAN TIGER

This tiger, which measured from nose to tip of tail 10 ft. 4 in., was responsible for the death of a Goorkha Military Police Sepoy. One night the brute was fired at and wounded by a shot from a "machan" or tree platform, and its tracks were next morning followed up in the belief that it would be found *in extremis*. Suddenly one of the Goorkhas was attacked and borne to the ground, where the animal began worrying him. It was not until the third shot that the beast was killed. In attacking the man the tiger bit right through the woodwork of a Martini-Henry rifle and broke off two of its long fangs on the steel barrel

A GOOD TUSKER ELEPHANT

Next to the gaur, or Indian bison, these animals give most sport, though now preserved under an Act. This animal stood 9 ft. 11 in. at the shoulder, while his tusks weighed 86 lb. the pair, and, with the exception of a small chip off one end, they were perfect pieces of ivory

Bags of Tapir, Deer, and Bison

AN INDIAN TAPIR

These animals are more or less nocturnal in their habits, and live in dense swampy jungle. They are very shy, harmless beasts, and rarely, if ever, attack human beings. They possess small, trunk-like snouts, and their skin is covered with short, bristly hair of a blackish colour in front, and of a light grey appearance behind. As these animals are becoming scarce, and, with the exception of their feet, possess no trophies worth preserving, they are rarely shot

A SOLITARY BULL GAUR OR INDIAN BISON

These solitary bison, which stand higher than any member of the Bos tribe in the world—this specimen stood 19 hands at the shoulder—are the fiercest and most dangerous of all animals to follow on foot. Woe betide the hunter who, when following up a wounded bull gaur, fails to stop him in a charge, for it means certain death, unless he throws himself out at full length on the ground or jumps behind the trunk of a tree

THE RESULT OF A WEEK'S SHOOT

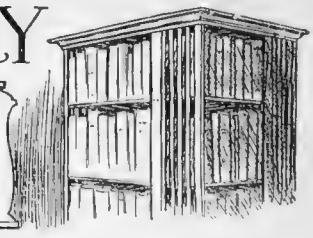
The head in front, with the mask on, is that of a bull Tsine, or Bos Sondaicus, the true wild cattle of Burma, Java, and Sumatra. The other two heads just behind are those of gaur, or Indian bison. The deer lying at the four corners are bog deer. The young deer are spotted, and so are the mature animals, during the rainy season. Their flesh is not bad eating, and they afford excellent sport

A Monarch of the Glen

A BURMESE THAMIN, OR BROAD-ANTLERED DEER

These handsome animals are very plentiful in Burma and Munipur. They are gregarious, and, like some other varieties of deer, are fond of wallowing in mudholes. As a rule, they are very wideawake and not easily approached by the novice. Their sense of sight is most acute, but of all the deer tribe in Burma they are perhaps the easiest to find, and perhaps to stalk and shoot, although long shots have to be taken. The little girl in the photograph is the daughter of Mr. Thom, the sportsman who made the different bags here illustrated

THE LIBRARY



Novels to Order This Week

"The Secret Agent." By Joseph Conrad. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Major Vigoureux." By A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Weavers." By Sir Gilbert Parker. (Heinemann: 6*s.*)

Who's Humorous?

To proclaim a man to be a humorist is easy; to be able to give instantaneous proof of his title, exceedingly difficult, except—when he really is a humorist. That difficulty must have presented itself very strongly to Mr. J. A. Hammerton in his compilation of *English Humorists of To-Day* (Hodder: 6*s.*). In this little book, Mr. Hammerton announces sixteen gentlemen, and couples, in each case, with a little essay of his own, a characteristic *morceau* of the subject's humour. As to how far he convinces must be a matter of individual taste. Personally speaking, I find out of Mr. Hammerton's list four who are positively and unequivocally funny—they are Sir W. S. Gilbert, W. W. Jacobs, F. Anstey, and J. K. Jerome. These are humorous in matter. Of humorists in manner, Mr. Hammerton convinces me of the just claims of Messrs. Walter Emanuel and I. Zangwill. Of the remaining ten, there are four who, though I know them to be humorists, do not shine as such by virtue of Mr. Hammerton's selection—*i.e.* Anthony Hope, Barry Pain, J. M. Barrie, and G. K. Chesterton. In the case of none of these does Mr. Hammerton, again, seem to have selected an example which convinces the casual reader of the *humour* of the author. As to the *Punch* contingent, Sir F. C. Burnand and Owen Seaman, puns and parodies arouse a fleeting giggle. They do not bear Time's test. I have now four left. Of these, one is Mr. Pett Ridge. Mr. Pett Ridge is Mr. Pett Ridge, and requires no classification. Two are Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Richard Whiteing. I have enormous regard for the writings of both, but their claim to be regarded as *humorists* is, to my mind, here made no clearer than that of a dozen other writers of contemporary fiction. Mr. Hammerton's remaining and last selection is—Mr. Inglis Allen. I have nothing to say against Mr. Inglis Allen's inclusion in this gallery, but I do ask Mr. Hammerton how he reconciles it with certain very notable *exclusions*. Where are Mr. Shaw, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. Frank Richardson, Mr. Crosland, Mr. James Douglas, Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes, Mr. Keble Howard, Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop—to mention only a few at random? Surely any or all of these have as genuine a claim to the title of "humorist" as Mr. Inglis Allen, or, for that matter, ten out of Mr. Hammerton's sixteen. But perhaps he has a second edition of *English Humorists* in preparation.

Photo *Russell*

Mr. Joseph Conrad

Author of "The Secret Agent," discussed on this page

"The Secret Agent"

It is possible, though not probable, that Mr. Joseph Conrad had in front of him, when designing *The Secret Agent* (Methuen: 6*s.*), a copy of that pathetic little verse which runs somewhat as follows:

Little boy,
Pair of skates;
Ice was thin,
Golden gates.

The delicate method of this verse—the leaving untold of the principal incident of the tragedy—is exactly that adopted by Mr. Conrad in his story. The actual occurrence round which the story supposedly centres is the mysterious bomb explosion in Greenwich Park of some years back, in which the Anarchist himself lost his life. Mr. Conrad takes us, in his own fascinating fashion, behind the scenes of the tragedy—among supposititious Anarchists in London. Verloc, pretending to be a Revolutionary, is in reality the secret agent of a foreign Power, who, with his wife and her half-witted brother, keeps a newspaper shop in a slum street. One day he is sent for by the Embassy and told that it is time he did something to earn his pay. The diplomat, an individual of considerable humour, impresses on Verloc the necessity that the outrage to be "arranged" shall be horrible, but, at the same time, original. Why not, in order to impress on the public the entire futility of the Anarchist movement, make the thing destroyed something abstract—some fabric, say, of Science? The spy leaves the presence. One morning he goes out accompanied by the aforementioned half-witted brother-in-law. Incidentally, the news passes of the explosion at Greenwich, but the reader is cleverly left in ignorance as to how and by whom it is planned. All we know is that Verloc returns without the youth. His wife, who was morbidly attached to her brother, and who, in fact, had married Verloc mainly to be able to give him a home, is maddened by his loss, and, seeing her husband distorted into a murderer, kills him. Regarded as a singularly clever piece of literary chicanery, *The Secret Agent* is a remarkable performance. That it will appeal to the average story reader is a little doubtful, for that exacting individual is scarcely likely to appreciate so subtle a feat as the writing of a story about an explosion in which the one thing not described is the explosion.

But Why "Queer"?

Though associated with the name of Mr. Douglas Sladen, the data in *Queer Things About Persia* (Eveleigh Nash) were actually collected by M. Eustache de Lorey, sometime of the French Legation at Teheran. Mr. Sladen has done the "Englishing," and has, incidentally, very kindly allowed the book to form one of his well-known series under the title of "Queer Things." The book contains a great deal of interesting information, which you can call "queer" if you like, though not very sensibly. It assumes a pretty poor degree of intelligence on the part of the reader to suppose that he necessarily regards as "queer," all habits and customs which are not identical with those of his own country. That Teheran is only moderately civilised, that it has pariah dogs, that Persians are artistic liars, that the Shah has a harem, that adultery is a penal offence—that a hundred and one other things are the order in Persia—has all along been pretty well known to the least educated. To call these, and the other facts ascertained by M. de Lorey, "Queer Things" is entirely unjustifiable, even though Mr. Douglas Sladen may be able to add another to his series of books under that title. That Mr. Sladen should have arranged and Englished M. de Lorey's chronicles is admirable; that he should have doctored the narrative with a view to be able to call it queer—which it isn't—gives cause for just and holy resentment.

Photo "Q" *Elliott and Fry*

A recent portrait of Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, whose "Major Vigoureux" is his contribution to Messrs. Methuen's remarkable autumn list of novels

"Q" at his Second Best

Mr. Quiller-Couch is powerful, but hardly at his best in *Major Vigoureux* (Methuen: 6*s.*). The story, though its central character is characteristic and picturesque, and its principal complication striking, drags somewhat owing to "Q's" rather exaggerated tenderness for island types and their chatter, and his inclination to sojourn among them regardless of the reader's desire to get on. The central character, Major Vigoureux, is a fine study. Through the War Office's characteristic carelessness, he has been left as "Commandant," with regular pay, of non-existent insular forces for years after the island has been privately purchased. Through an entirely unforeseen occurrence, he is brought into conflict with the Lord Proprietor, who has it in his power to expose the "Commandant" as the holder of a bogus appointment and in receipt of unearned pay. The "occurrence" is the secret arrival on the islands, thanks to the stranding of an Atlantic liner, of an attractive young lady, a native of the island who has since grown rich as a singer. Vashti Cara by name, she is the sister-in-law of a tenant under notice of expulsion by the Lord Proprietor. Secretly "accommodated" by Major Vigoureux, she intrigues on behalf of her brother-in-law. To retaliate on his unseen adversary, the Lord Proprietor threatens the Major with "scandal" and exposure. Here, therefore, is material for plenty of quiet excitement. The only fault is that "Q" makes it rather too quiet. A little more "hustle" in the action and the book would commend itself to a larger circle of readers.

Mr. Streatfield's "The Opera"

Mr. R. A. Streatfield's book, *The Opera* (Routledge: 6*s.*), will be of value rather as a handbook for the student than as a critical treatise. Treating the subject in its historical sense, he deals with the familiar theme of the origin of modern opera (Florence in the fifteenth century), and then, after a reference to Handel and his Italian rivals, deals in turn with the reforms of Glück, Opera Bouffe, Mozart, Meyerbeer, Wagner, and so on down the decades up to date. This genealogical treatment of opera, this conscientious record of the work of each composer, this estimating of the influence of A upon B, and B upon C—is all excellent in its way. One cannot, I suppose, have too many readable text-books on any subject. As, however, Mr. Streatfield is a critic of distinction, it is rather a matter for regret that, under such a heading as *The Opera*, he has not revealed himself in that rôle with rather more vigour and severity. Though he is a confessed "modern," he manifests no very strong sympathies in the case of individual composers. He is content to give us the public's verdict on successive operas, rather than his own. He tells us always the popularly accepted view—rarely, or never, that of Mr. Streatfield. In the case of Strauss's *Salome*, he is discreet rather than valorous; he conveniently leaves to "posterity" the task of saying whether this is good or bad art. In the case, again, of Debussy, the French exponent of "atmosphere" in operatic music, Mr. Streatfield just summarises the man's theories, but essays no opinion on their artistic soundness. *The Opera* is a useful record of facts and a summary of the work of "schools," and the outlines of the plots of the various operas treated will prove a godsend to those in search of knowledge on this obscure subject. So great, however, is the demand to-day for decisive opinions, that it is sad to see sacrificed to Facts time and talent that should rightly be devoted to Truth.

VIVIAN CARTER.

Bethnal Green Free Library

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER.

SIR,—As Mayor of the Borough of Bethnal Green, I would most earnestly plead for help and assistance for the Bethnal Green Free Library. This institution is not only doing a work of great value in providing means for self-education and recreation, but it is also helping to raise the moral tone of the borough.

The great want of the present time is a new and enlarged building in a more prominent position, to accommodate the increasing number of readers, and also to provide reading-rooms for boys and girls. Mr. G. F. Hilcken, the Librarian, will gladly receive donations or subscriptions.—Yours, etc.,

C. E. FOX.

Golf Notes and Notions

Two Notable Amateur Competitions

The two outstanding events of recent weeks have been the competitions for the Jubilee Vase at St. Andrews and the Irish Open Amateur Championship at Portmarnock. Let me take the Jubilee Vase first, as the older institution. This tournament was founded by Captain "Dan" Stewart during his year of office as Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club to commemorate the first Jubilee of her late Majesty Queen Victoria in 1887. It has always been a most popular competition at St. Andrews, in spite of the rather heavy entrance fee imposed according to the conditions laid down by the donor of the Vase, and on the roll of winners are borne the names of some of the best players of the premier Club. This year the tournament came of age, and brought together as goodly a band of players as has ever competed in it. A field which contains such players as Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville, Mr. T. M. Hunter, Captain C. K. Hutchison, Mr. V. A. Pollock, Mr. N. F. Hunter, Mr. E. Blackwell, and Mr. J. L. Low, as well as many others on the scratch mark (and scratch at St. Andrews means a real scratch player), has quite an Amateur Championship flavour about it.

An Admirable Young Player

The winner, therefore, has to go through some doughty fights, and proves himself a thorough golfer. This year the lucky man turned out to be that admirable young player, Mr. V. A. Pollock, whose doings in various competitions, from the Amateur Championship downwards, I have so often favourably commented upon. He had to meet a stout-hearted opponent in the final, in the shape of Mr. H. S. Colt, who won this same competition sixteen years ago. He then received two strokes, but this year he owed the same number, while Mr. Pollock owed one less. Mr. Pollock must have been right on his game during the final, for he never gave Mr. Colt any chance after the first nine holes had been played, and he eventually won the Vase by five and four, no small achievement with such a tried and sterling player as Mr. Colt for opponent

A Fine Combination

My heartiest congratulations go to Mr. Pollock, whom this success in such a hot field will doubtless nerve for deeds of even "greater emprise," such as the Autumn Medal of the Royal and Ancient, which will be being played for when these lines appear, and the Amateur Championship next year at Sandwich. Youth, confidence, and a happy-go-lucky disposition are a fine combination for a golfer, and Mr. Pollock possesses all three desiderata in a plentiful measure. Altogether, I should say that this year's tournament provided some of the best, and, in some cases, most sensational, golf ever seen in this event, in proof of which I would cite Mr. Colt's two finishes with Mr. Boase, more particularly that in the second round, when he won the last four holes to secure a halved match, getting the last hole in three, and Mr. Pollock's feat of holing his approach shot at the fourteenth hole in his match with Mr. Boase.

Irish Open Amateur Championship

I must now devote some attention to the Irish Open Amateur Championship, which, with the South of Ireland Amateur Championship, provides the most enjoyable golf for the holiday player. This year the competition was rendered specially notable by the presence of Mr. John Ball, who has, so far as I am aware, not been in Ireland for some time, at any rate as a competitor in big events. He has won this tournament already three times, and as his last win coincided in date, 1899, with his success in the Amateur Championship of that year, I take it that he wished to repeat the double event this year. He looked a winner all over till the sixth round, when a combination of neuralgia and very steady play by his opponent, Mr Chesterton, put him out of the running. Mr. Fry disposed of Mr. Chesterton in the next round by one hole, after beating Mr. Lurcott in the previous round at the twenty-fourth hole. Mr. Fry in this match was dormy three down, but, with his usual dogged pluck, managed to win all those last holes and hung on till he won, as I have said, at the twenty-fourth—a prodigious finish, quite in the approved Fry manner. In the final Mr. Fry met his fate in the person of Mr. Douglas Brown, and, after a ding-dong fight over thirty-six holes, had to acknowledge defeat by two and one.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Photo *Paterson*

The Herd and Massey Match at Dornoch: The Champion putting

Massey and Herd met three times within four days recently. At Spey Bay Massey was successful, while Herd was victor at Strathpeffer. At Dornoch, however, the Champion succeeded in beating Herd by one hole, after most exciting play

THE MOST POPULAR DOG OF THE DOG DAYS

(The Bulldog)

There was a record entry of 411 at the Sixteenth Annual Show of the London Bulldog Society at the Horticultural Hall last week, and no fewer than ten champions were present. There was a good entry of miniature bulldogs and the little French bulldogs, a breed that is rapidly growing in popularity. Mrs. Waterlow's famous "Nuthurst Doctor" won the Champion Certificate for the best dog in the Show, this making his 22nd Championship

Mrs. E. Waterlow's famous Bulldog, "Nuthurst Doctor

Champion of the Show and winner of the ten-guinea trophy

Mrs. W. W. Crocker's French Bulldog, "Sacharissa"

Winner of the Championship and eight specials

Judging the Exhibits at the Bulldog Show at the Horticultural Hall

Mrs. Arthur Mayor's Bulldog, "Silent Duchess"

Winner in the Open Class for 45 lb. and over

Mrs. N. Bilborough's "Monsieur Blanc"

Winner of the First Prize and the Silver Cup in the Novice Class for French Bulldogs

The Hon. Mrs Vanneck's "Dunwich Prince"

First in the Puppy Class

LAWN TENNIS

A Wasted Week

The fine weather of last week has given additional point to the suggestion, which has been a good deal discussed lately, that the tournament season ends too soon, and that there might quite well be another tournament after Eastbourne. Nor was last week in any way exceptional in the matter of weather, except as compared with the earlier part of the summer. To the best of my recollection, the second and third weeks of September are almost invariably fine, and I believe that, if one of the many tournaments which are at present suffering from the congestion which occurs in August were to take the plunge and follow Eastbourne, it would score heavily. The only objection that can be urged against the later days of September is that the light fails so early that play must cease somewhere about six, and that it would, therefore, be difficult to get a tournament through successfully with such a limited time for play. But there is a very simple remedy for this—begin earlier. I often think what a pity it is that English people begin their day's play so late, wasting two or three of the best hours of the day through their sloth. Fond as we are of games, the majority of us are far more ready to get up early in order to work than in order to play. Nevertheless, we are not all like that. Some of us delight in the freshness of the morning, and I believe that a late September tournament could be successfully run commencing at 9.30 or even 9 a.m., if it were definitely announced beforehand that the first hour's play would always be devoted to two given events, say the two Singles handicaps. If this plan were followed, the early risers would have their reward, and the late birds would be enabled to indulge in their accustomed habits by not entering for the two early events. I should very much like to see the experiment tried of running a tournament in the third week in September. I believe that with plenty of courts and a hard-and-fast arrangement with regard to the early morning play such as I have indicated it would be a success, and that the necessity of leaving off early owing to the light would add to its attractions.

The Ladies' Archery Meeting at Richmond

Archery as a recreation for ladies has been greatly growing in popularity, and a most successful meeting of the Royal Richmond Archery Club took place at the end of last week. The lady shooting on the right in the first photograph, and examining the target in the other picture, is Miss Stuart, the lady champion of the world

"THE SECRET FEAR."

IN a recent issue of a well-known London publication a writer deals with the "secret fear" of getting fat which possesses every woman at some period or other of her existence. "None of them escapes," says he. "Be they never so sane, sooner or later the shadow becomes substance, and they succumb. They see a stout woman in the street, and suddenly see themselves getting stout like her. With a shudder, they determine to starve—and do so, until their dresses require to be altered. Such is the feminine fear of getting fat."

How this dread of the "Bogey Embonpoint" preys upon the minds of many women—and not a few men—we all know. But it is amazing that, with such a reliable and pleasant and harmless treatment as the Antipon treatment ready to hand, so many stout persons should allow the tendency to get fat—the tendency which, in fact, constitutes the disease of obesity—to get a grip upon the constitution. The old-fashioned remedies and treatments for obesity never destroyed that tendency, however much the partial starvation and dangerous mineral drugging they generally entailed may have reduced the weight. A few rational, satisfying meals taken, and the fatty excess would show prompt signs of redevelopment. Now, Antipon, without the aid of drugs and without any unpleasant dietary limitations, does most undoubtedly eradicate the distressing tendency to run to fat, whilst at the same time rapidly reducing the excessive avoirdupois. Wholesome food without stint is an essential part of the Antipon treatment. For this reason strength and vitality gradually return with every day's treatment. When correct natural proportions are restored the cure may be regarded as absolutely permanent, and the subject is thoroughly healthy, full of energy and life, the skin clear, and the complexion radiant with health.

Antipon possesses great tonic properties, having an especially beneficial effect upon the digestive system. It gives a keen appetite, and promotes digestion and assimilation, so that nutrition is perfect. The blood, enriched by plenty of wholesome, well-digested food, is free from the floating fatty matter which, in cases of obesity, is deposited in the muscular fibre, rendering the limbs and muscles flabby and unshapely. Antipon, so to speak, rebuilds the whole body on lines of beauty and grace, and on the foundation of health and strength. Altogether, the treatment is unique, and hundreds of grateful men and women have given voluntary testimony to its remarkable fat-absorbent and health-restoring virtues. These letters of thanks and praise may be seen by anyone so disposed at the offices of the Antipon Company.

The "secret fear" of getting fat is generally prompted by æsthetic considerations, and the danger to health—and even to life itself, sometimes—is little dreamt of. But the danger is no less real, owing to the excess of fat which clogs the vital organs, and hinders their free, healthy action. This internal excess of fatty matter is all eliminated by Antipon, and the consequent effect on the general health is supreme. Palpitation of the heart ceases, and breathing becomes easy.

Antipon is a refreshing liquid, containing no trace of any mineral substance. It can be taken at any hour, and never produces any unpleasant after-effects.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price *2s. 6d.* and *4s. 6d.*, by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or in case of difficulty may be obtained (on remitting amount) carriage paid, in private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers, The Antipon Company 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

GLOWING TESTIMONY.

By an Eminent French Physician.

Absolved from the professional etiquette which obtains in this country, whereby members of the medical faculty are precluded from offering signed testimonials to proprietary remedies, an eminent Paris Physician has voluntarily favoured the Antipon Company with the following gratifying letter:

"Rue Marbeuf, Paris.

"I must frankly say that Antipon is the only product I have ever met with for very quick, very efficacious, and absolutely harmless reduction of obesity; all other things are perfectly useless, and some absolutely dangerous.

"You are at perfect liberty to make whatever use you like of this letter, as I like to do justice to such perfect products.

(Signed) *"Dr. RICCIARDI."*

An Oxfordshire Surgeon writes:

"I am trying it (Antipon) in a serious case of a man weighing 16st., short, and with heart affection. He already has lost 3st."

GRATEFUL LADY'S STARTLING TESTIMONY.

"I am writing to tell you how delighted I am with the result of taking your Antipon. For twenty-five years I have been very stout, and gradually getting worse, until last February, in a sort of desperation, I began taking your medicine on the advice of a friend. Before the first dose I weighed just 14st. (I am 5ft. 1in. in height); now I weigh 10st. 1½lb. I have had the clothing I wore in February weighed; it was 2½lb. heavier than what I wear now. Allowing for this difference, I am 52lb. lighter than I was before taking Antipon. But, better still, I feel so thoroughly set up in health, so strong and well, so very different from the breathless, tired woman I have been of late years. I have spoken of it to many friends, and two ladies I know have commenced the treatment; possibly several others who do not care to admit the fact. It is nearly two months since I left off taking Antipon, and I have not gained an ounce in weight, so I may regard my cure as permanent. I only regret that I suffered more than half my life before hearing of Antipon."

An Anglo-Indian lady writes:

"When I started Antipon I was 246lb. in weight, and the reduction since starting it is great (61½lb.), for I only weigh 184½lb. I now can take four mile walks with ease. Besides its reducing qualities, another recommendation is its power of reducing gracefully, for my skin is not flaccid in the least. My heart, which is diseased, is stronger, and its beating healthier. Besides, I have an excellent appetite, and have never restricted myself in any form of diet."

The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News in its August 31st issue says:—

"I must say a good word for the Antipon cure of obesity, which I have reason to know has come off satisfactorily in a long-standing case. The advantage of this system is that it asks nothing in the way of sacrifice from the patient. Of irksome dietary restrictions there are none. Thus it is totally opposed to old-time remedies that starved the body into thinness and general debility. Antipon assists digestion and assimilation, and therefore nutrition is normal. There is a steady daily reduction until natural proportions and correct weight are permanently restored. By that time the subject will be so far improved in health and strength as to rival a healthy youth in physical and mental energy and in enjoyment of wholesome outdoor recreations. Being a liquid, agreeably tart and refreshing, Antipon is both pleasant and easy to take."

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ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The F.A. and the A.F.A.

The grave announcement, made by some of the papers, that there is a prospect of a reconciliation between the Football Association and the Amateur Football Association is highly diverting. The prevailing idea seems to be that the A.F.A. are a lot of naughty children who have been put in the corner, and told that they mustn't come out until they promise "not to do it again." But, as a matter of fact, the A.F.A. have determined, quite rightly, to strike out a line of their own. They mean, henceforth, to drink of the pure well of Association football undefiled, and their idea in seceding from the F.A. has been to cut themselves adrift from those who, like the flea in the famous story, are not so particular. In other words, although the split actually originated in the attempt made by the F.A. to compel certain of the amateur associations to admit professional clubs to membership, there was really a more deep-seated reason for it. The amateurs who at present form the A.F.A. wanted, in fact, to have no more to do with professional football, and I happen to know that, as far at any rate as the executive are concerned, if an offer of reconciliation were made to the A.F.A., they would not listen to it, even if the F.A. were willing to give way on the matter of the original bone of contention.

Eight Records in the Year!

Miss Jennie Fletcher, of Leicester, has this year made and beaten the record for the ladies' 100 yards race no fewer than seven times. Last year she set up a record of 1 min. 24 sec., which, at the end of last week, she was successful in lowering to 1 min. 17 sec.

Sport v. Lucre

Quite apart from the legislative and administrative side of the game—from the fact that the amateurs don't want to be governed by professionals, or to concern themselves with matters which only really concern professional clubs—they want to play the game itself in the way and in the spirit in which it should be played, and it is their fixed intention to eliminate from the statute-book the various provisions which have their origin in the fact that the paid hireling is not quite so squeamish about cheating as the man who plays for the sport of the thing. The A.F.A. have not had time as yet to draw up their own code, but I am told, nevertheless, that many of the clubs are having their grounds marked out without any penalty area, and even where the penalty area is defined, I dare swear that such definition will prove almost entirely a matter of ornamentation. It really comes to this, therefore, that by next year the A.F.A., besides being wholly cut off from the F.A., will be playing a game of its own, exactly suited to the requirements of its members, and correspondingly unsuited to the requirements of those who are in the majority on the F.A. It is quite absurd, therefore, for anyone to talk about reconciliation. Even if the professionals should happen to want it, the A.F.A. amateurs don't. Another impression which is quite erroneous is that the seceders, owing to the comparative smallness of their numbers, are finding a difficulty in filling their fixture-lists, and that a reconciliation would, for this reason, be welcomed by them. There is, of course, no doubt that the prospect of this difficulty arising has deterred many clubs who are in sympathy with the A.F.A. from joining it, but those who have joined it knew that in their case no such difficulty was likely to arise—nor has it. They may have lost a match or two here and there, but they have gained others, and there are several clubs which have been rewarded for their pluck in taking the plunge by matches with the Casuals and some of the Old Boy clubs, for which they might have asked in vain before.

SWIMMING

Eight Records in One Year

One of the most remarkable swimmers of the day is Miss Jennie Fletcher, of Leicester, who, in the course of a year, has made and beaten the record for a ladies' 100 yards race no fewer than seven times. A year ago she set up a fresh record for the distance by winning the Ladies' Championship in 1 min. 24 sec., and thereafter in various races she went on knocking a second off here and a second off there, until at Leicester, at the end of last week, her time was 1 min. 17 sec., a reduction of 7 sec. on last year's. Miss Fletcher is only seventeen, and it is, therefore, more than likely that she has still to reach her zenith.

"THE BYSTANDER'S" WEATHER "TIPS"

Wednesday, Sept. 25, to Tuesday, Oct. 1, inclusive.

WEATHER ANTICIPATION FOR THE BRITISH ISLES AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

This week will be almost entirely free from wind and atmospheric disturbance, but a sharp spell of quiet and much cooler weather is expected during the first three or four days.

Wednesday, 25th, Thursday, 26th, and Friday, 27th: Sharp frosts and fog; sunshine in mid-day generally over the whole Islands.

Saturday, 28th: Still cold, with unsettlement in the North and West, with local snow showers.

Sunday, 29th: Going milder and more generally unsettled.

Monday, 30th, and Tuesday, Oct. 1st: Fair in South and East; temperature average generally.

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PLASMON

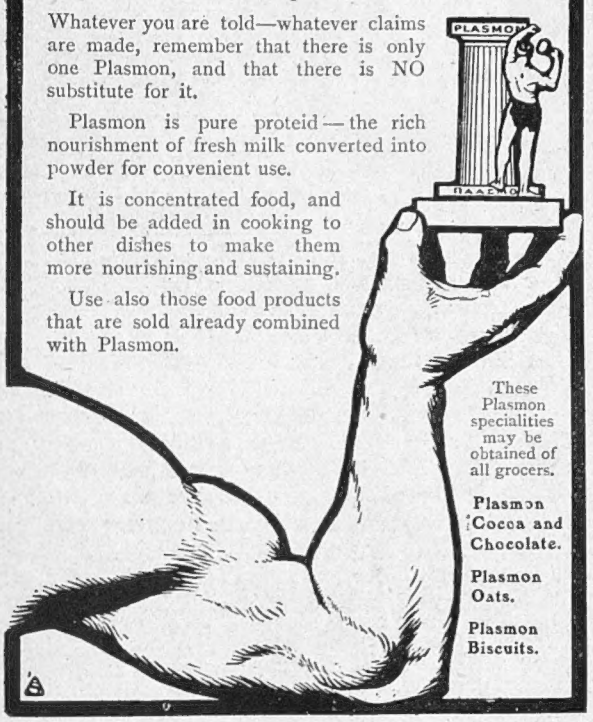
And this Trademark is clearly stamped on each packet.

Whatever you are told—whatever claims are made, remember that there is only one Plasmon, and that there is NO substitute for it.

Plasmon is pure proteid—the rich nourishment of fresh milk converted into powder for convenient use.

It is concentrated food, and should be added in cooking to other dishes to make them more nourishing and sustaining.

Use also those food products that are sold already combined with Plasmon.



These Plasmon specialities may be obtained of all grocers.

Plasmon Cocoa and Chocolate.

Plasmon Oats.

Plasmon Biscuits.

NOTE

GEN. BOOTH'S TOUR.

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Messrs. London, E.C.
David Moseley & Sons, Ltd.

"Dear Sirs,—In reply to your enquiry concerning

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PERFECT DETACHABLE
TYRES,

which were used on the Motor-Cars during General Booth's Campaign, covering 1,678 miles, I beg to say that the tyres gave us every satisfaction."

I am, dear Sirs, yours faithfully
WM. EADIE, Colonel.

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a pipe can smoke and enjoy
"THREE NUNS,"
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"KING'S HEAD" is for the veteran; it's similar, but stronger.

Both are exquisite mixtures.

1 oz. packets, 2 oz. and 4 oz. tins, 6*d.* per oz.

Free sample of "THREE NUNS" sent to all who apply (mentioning this paper) to the

IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO., LTD.,
St. Andrews Square, Glasgow.

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

"Pelleas," of the *Referee*, made a startling discovery when, the other day, he found out that the speed limit was not *at the rate of* twenty miles an hour, but something quite different. The wording of the Act apparently says nothing about the rate of speed, excepting that a car must not go faster than twenty miles per hour. As "Pelleas" remarks, if this is the case—and anyone can read the Act—then no police-trap can produce sufficient evidence to convict a driver unless it is twenty miles in length. Moreover, there has not been a conviction of exceeding the speed limit in the past that was justified, because police-traps of twenty miles, or ten miles if it comes to that, are unheard of. If a man is travelling at the rate of sixty miles per hour over a certain portion of the road, and then slows down so that his average speed for an hour works out at but twenty miles, he is not guilty of an offence against the Act. I hope that an appeal on these grounds may be lodged so that an authentic interpretation of the meaning of the Act may be delivered.

* * *

The notorious Inspector Jarrett, having trapped Mr. Paul Rubens, summoned him before the Reigate magistrates, a few days ago, for exceeding the speed limit. The defence being a denial and the accuracy of the timing called to account, Jarrett, in cross-examination, was forced to admit that he had refused to show the trap to Mr. Rubens. The Chairman of the Bench, in imposing a nominal penalty, said that when motorists ask to be shown a measured distance, the police ought always to show it, and give motorists an opportunity of taking measurements. This is surely but elementary justice, and that in other cases magistrates have convicted a motorist without compelling the police to give full details of the alleged offence is nothing short of a public scandal.

Car-icature—No. XLV.: Mr. K. Okura

That the Japanese are as good sportsmen as they are fighters has been proved to us by the performances of Mr. Okura and his racing cars. He is a familiar figure at Brooklands, and on his 100 h.-p. FIAT was recently successful in obtaining the second place in the race for the Montagu Cup

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

It has, however, been long evident that whenever a motorist is summoned on a charge of exceeding the twenty-mile-an-hour limit, the chance of the defendant obtaining a fair hearing is not only remote, but almost unknown. The mere fact of owning a motor and being summoned on the too frequently shaky testimony of unreliable police evidence marks a man down as legitimate prey for the infliction of a heavy fine. In the case of Mr. Rubens, surely, had the case been any other than a charge connected with motoring, it would have been dismissed when it was shown that the police refused to give details of the alleged offence? I am quite aware

18-28 H.-P. MERCÉDES, hood, shield, special body, detachable tonneau, £425; 10-12 H.-P. PEUGEOT, 1906, side entrance, gate change, hood, and shield, £275.—Corry Hurford, Ltd. (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W.

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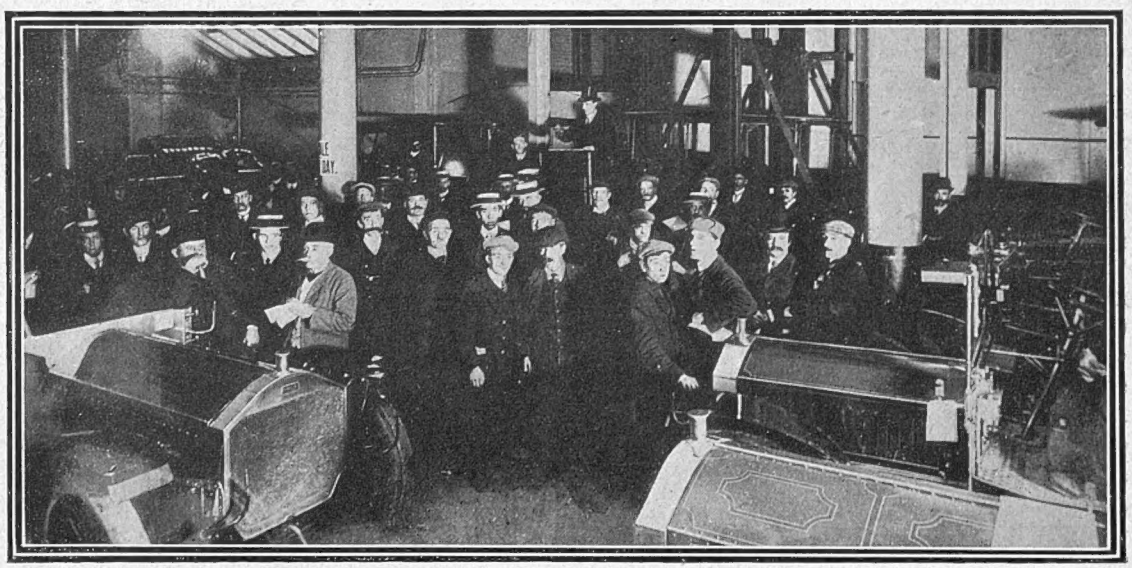

An Auction at the Motor House

At this sale, at which Napier and Daimler cars were put up for auction, over 150 people were present, and some exceptionally good prices were obtained

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CIGARETTES

These delicious high-class Cigarettes will not produce any dry or irritating effect on the throat or nasal organs.

No. 555 : 4/9 per 100 2/6 *per 50 6D. per 10

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Of all Tobacconists and Stores.

Manufactured in LONDON by ARDATH TOBACCO Co. Finsbury, E.C., at their "Model Hygienic Factory."—*Vide Daily Press.*

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English Brochure from—

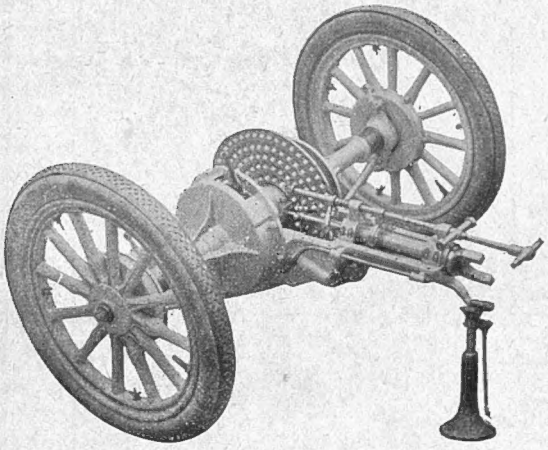
E. KIECHLE, *Directeur,*
VERNET-LES-BAINS, FRANCE.

that there are such persons as hooligans in motors, and when these gentry are caught they deserve to receive their deserts, but it is a cruel injustice that the motorist should be deemed not only guilty before his case is tried, but be convicted, as commonly happens, in the very face of the evidence. Police persecution was the cause of the origin of the Automobile Association—not, as some persons fondly believe, for the purpose of assisting motorists to defy the law on the subject. Last week I read in the *Surrey Comet*—the semi-official organ, one might say, of the Kingston magistrates—a diatribe to the effect that the A.A. existed, as an organisation, to enable wealthy motorists to defy the law. Of course, the A.A. exists for no such reason. When the day arrives that the motorist can look forward to receiving a fair trial of his case, then the warning as to police-traps will not be required.

* * *

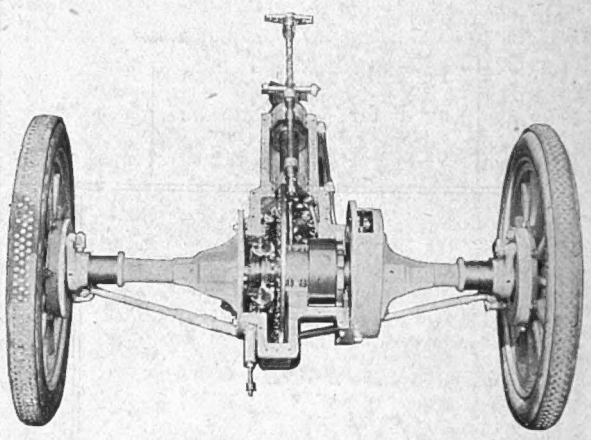
One of the most revolutionary of new inventions is the Humphries' gear, which everyone seems to be talking about just now. This new gear consists of a plate having concentric rows of holes, which replaces the crown wheel on the back axle of the ordinary live-axle car. Into these holes engage circular stud-like teeth on a small pinion which takes the place of the driving pinion of the live-axle car. By ingenious but simple mechanism, the plate slides back laterally, and the pinion moves along from one row of holes to another when the gear is changed in the process of driving. Since there are only six teeth on the driving pinion and twenty on the high-gear row of holes, and the teeth have to bear the whole stress of the transmission, the absence of wear on this pinion is very satisfactory. The reason of this freedom from wear is that the angle of engagement of the tooth is such that the power is almost all transmitted exactly in the direction of motion, whereas with ordinary toothed gears it is a well-known fact that at least 25 per cent. of the energy is lost through it having to be applied obliquely. Another most important feature is its extraordinarily low cost of manufacture. The actual driving pinion is a steel stamping, and every part, including the teeth, being circular in form it is easy to machine, and, in case of replacement, can be retailed to the public for cars up to 20 h.-p. for about five shillings, as compared with the ordinary form of toothed pinion costing several pounds. The driving plate, too, which is in substitution for the crown wheels, gears, and gear-box, of the ordinary car could be retailed at a price slightly below that actually charged normally for the crown wheel alone. This is possible owing to the fact that it is merely a circular plate of metal having circular holes in it. Briefly, the result is to obtain a number of variations of axle speed, all *direct drive* on the forward speed, with only one transmission plate or wheel and one pinion.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.



Photos

Showing complete transmission, as applied to a car at the rear axle



Topical Agency

Axle, showing cam mechanism for disengaging plate

A REVOLUTIONARY SYSTEM OF GEARING

One of the chief topics of conversation in motoring circles at the moment is the revolutionary principle of the new Humphries' gear, two illustrations of which are given above. The invention is fully dealt with on this page

Miscellanea

RACING AT 90 MILES AN HOUR ON BROOKLANDS TRACK.

We have received from the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company, Limited, a unique souvenir by the well-known artist, Mr. Guy Lipscombe, of D. Resta snatching victory from J. E. Hutton, for the Prix de la France at Brooklands, last Bank Holiday. The sketch is excellently drawn, and depicts in a most spirited manner D. Resta's powerful Mercédès car racing at 90 miles an hour on "Continental" Tyres.

The fact that it is a British invention, marketed by native capital and manufactured by home labour, has a tendency to blind one to a sense of the cosmopolitan nature and world-wide use of the Dunlop tyre. Not everybody, therefore, is aware that, in addition to African, Belgian, Danish, Dutch, Italian, Indian, and Russian branches of the parent British company handling Dunlops, there are also distinct American, Australasian, Austrian, Canadian, French, German, and Swiss companies all handling the same tyre, and some comparing quite favourably in extent of business with the original concern. H.I.M. the Emperor of Japan has, by the way, just ordered a complete set of Dunlops.

Sir Charles Louis, Bart., writes: "I have now been about 5,300 miles, and my 35-40 H.-P. WESTINGHOUSE seems to be going even better than when I first had it."—A. GAAL AND CO., 17, Hanover Sq., London, W. Telephone: 2761 Mayfair.

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